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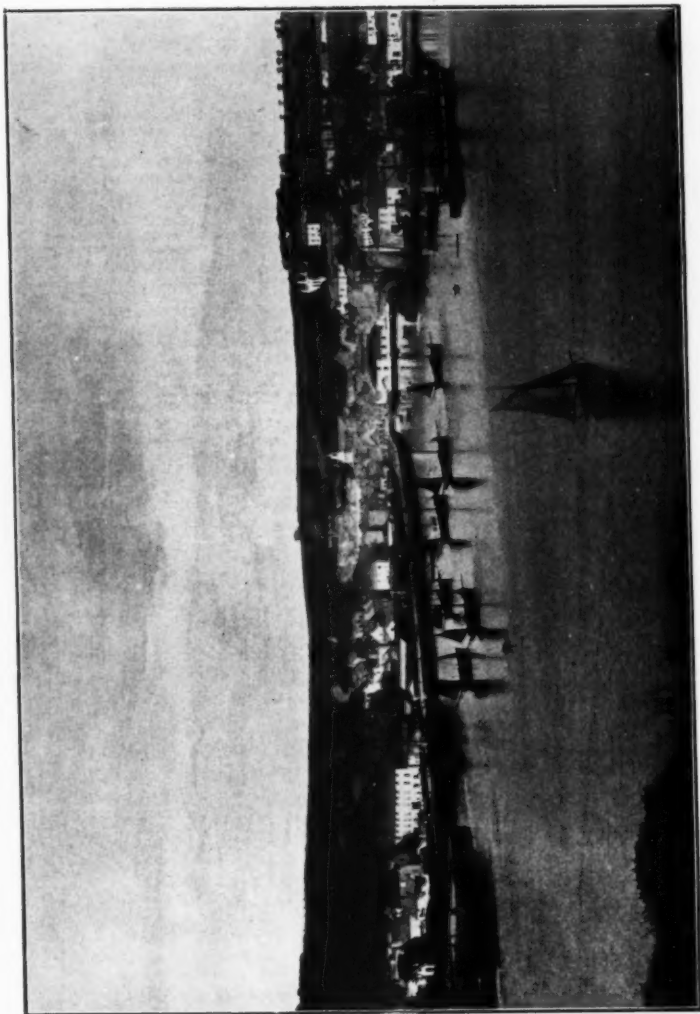
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KINSALE FROM THE OLD FORT.

From a Photograph by Lieut.-Col. R. Li. Hewkes.



KINSALE.

BY JOHN WALKER.

WE had not been well treated at Blarney, where we had alighted to change our clothes in a warehouse attached to the station, and to send on our chief impedimenta by train to Skibbereen. We had left the one and only inn of a far too self-sufficient village with very disagreeable first impressions of the country fare of Ireland. Hence it was that during our ride over the rolling moorland beyond Ballincollig we felt grave misgivings as to the entertainment we were likely to receive at Kinsale. Discomforts, however, were soon dismissed from our minds, and our fears put to flight by the pageantry of a never-to-be-forgotten sunset, which was full of a most consoling compensation for our sufferings at Blarney. An unutterable satisfaction possessed us when we gazed upon the wide sweep of undulating country stretching away to the grey Galtees. The golden splendour of the autumnal gorse, and the purple pomp of the heath and heather, invested the foreground of the picture with a familiar charm, which was, perhaps, accentuated by a human interest essentially Irish, in the shape of bare-footed children, rosy as the morning, and a large-souled peasant seated amidst his living Lares and Penates, making even the pigs merry with the pleasant strains of "Rory O'More."

The tranquillity of those heights filled our hearts with an optimism which was to last more than a week, and which

simply laughed at evils such as a punctured tyre. This misfortune befell the writer whilst he was coasting down a steep and stony road, and almost before he had time to pick up the offending flint, his companion's front wheel similarly came to grief. Instead of making us disconsolate, these accidents seemed only to add an agreeable sense of variety to the incidents of our first day's ride in Ireland; a variety heightened somewhat by the unusual method of measurement prevailing in those parts, as exemplified by the man who told us that we were six miles from Kinsale, "making it just three a-piece."

Having taken the precaution to wire for dinner, we carefully rode down the "Break-Heart" hill into dusky Kinsale, with the firm conviction that we would get at least some fish for our evening's meal. There was, indeed, everywhere in this maritime town, a powerful, congruous smell, which told us at once what was the chief industry of the place. The Penzance boats had just come in with their catch of mackerel, and in the dusk the fishermen were grouped at their favourite street corners. "Timber-looking men," as Dickens called the toilers of the sea, were waxing grimly oracular as the first and second of the nocturnal whiskies warmed their blood. In passing, we caught the delightful sound of blasphemous expressions, such as Stevenson's characters and their grim fellows seldom or never use in print, but more than often in their work-a-day life. Quaint words and archaic idioms admirably suited themselves to a mysterious obscurity, whose indeterminate impressions left the mind free to hark back to the days when sea songs, and tales of wild seafaring, held our boyish minds under a glamorous spell.

Through these little knots of gossips, dark, nun-like figures silently and swiftly passed to and fro. In this part of Ireland the women of the poorer class affect a curious,

conventual cloak, something like that of a Sister-of-Mercy, which is locally known as a "sentry-box." As a distinctive dress, it is economical and becoming. Even when rusty with age there is a certain dignity about this raiment which places it far above the frowsy bonnet and the antiquated mantle. The sombre figures of the wives and daughters of the fishermen, moving in narrow streets adorned here and there with projecting windows and balconies, combined with the general air of mediævalism, brought vividly to our recollection the *calles estrechas* of a romantic Spanish city, far removed from the quiet waters of the Bandon river. This strange aspect of Kinsale, as of a foreign community settled where Ireland terminates in front of the broad Atlantic, causes but little surprise when we make researches into her past history, discovering, among other interesting facts, that the municipality has never been wholly Anglicised. Garrisoned by the Sassenach since an early period, and always very much in touch with England, Kinsale, whose history is to a great extent eloquently written upon her ruined forts, retains that strange, outlandish flavour which imparted to our visit its chiefest charm.

Since the time when the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, in their primitive, poetical phraseology, called the place the Fan-na-Tuabred, or "the fall of the springs"—and a later race renamed the winding harbour "Cune-saille," or "the smooth basin"—up to that fateful day when Cromwell came, breathless and blustering with the intoxication of cheap victories, to drive all the Irish out of the town, and to offer to a proud De Courcy the dubious alternative of "Hell or Connaught," Kinsale has seen many and stern vicissitudes. And even since her Earl made his successful petition against the Protector's unjust fiat the town has participated in great and tragic events.

All this we learned during our first dinner at the Kinsale Arms—a meal made memorable not less by its unexpected excellence than by the abundant kindness of our host and hostess, who were not slow to take advantage of our innocence by telling us the grand old tale of Paddy Blake, who, when he heard Englishmen speaking of the fine echo at Killarney, which repeats the sounds forty times, very promptly observed: “Faith, that’s nothing at all, at all, to the echo in my father’s garden in the County of Galway. If you say to it ‘How do you do, Paddy Blake?’ it will answer ‘Pretty well, I thank you, sir.’” This was the second joke we had heard, whose original may be found in the famous “Essay on Irish Bulls;” showing how conservative Ireland is in the matter of her humour.

In the morning we were soon astir, exploring that decayed quarter known as the “World’s End.” Why it should have gained such an appellation no one seems to know. This congeries of tiny cottages and slopes, covered with the ruins of more ancient tenements, gives us no clue to the peculiarly distinctive name it bears. Here, folk say, the inhabitants of the little houses retain special traces of Spanish ancestry. Women were engaged in drying fish upon the harbour wall. As they went to and fro, with their burdens of pollack and ling for exposure in sunny spots, we did not fail to look for the characteristic signs of Southern blood. These were not wanting, inasmuch as we noticed that the fishwives, though far from being at all comparable to the *bellas damas de España*, did not lack a certain grace of movement and the charm of small hands and feet. Then again, when their eyes were not of a clear Celtic blue they were brilliantly dark and liquid. More than careless we should have been had we not observed these important points, primed as we were with information from the inevitable red guide-book. Indeed it was not



OLD GOTHIC PRISON, KINSALE.

From a Photograph by Mr. E. A. Coulborn.



WOMEN RETURNING FROM MARKET.

From a Photograph by Mr. John Walker.

more difficult to catch the Southern flavour that hangs about the "World's End," as well as the rest of Kinsale, than to detect the aroma of the town's chiefest trade. When one catches a glimpse of a maiden's black orbs flashing in the depths of the hood of her "sentry-box," and at the same time hears the sound of clanging bells, and sniffs the odours of multitudinous herring and mackerel, the mind not unnaturally reverts to the Mediterranean, where the sun shines not much more fervently than it does at Kinsale. And, thinking of a bluer sea than that which fills this harbour-fjord, we also thought of the prim poet Pope and his stilted lines:—

At every door are sunburnt matrons seen
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill and scolding oft' between.

We should have liked to have had the author of the "Essay of Man" in our company when, after having accepted the offer of a worthy boat builder, we embarked in his yacht for a short cruise. It would be delightful to tell the bygone writers of verse how modern critics shudder at inversions, at split infinitives, and all the other horrors of ancient prosody. There is no doubt that Pope, could he again have assumed corporeal shape, would have been as willing to have listened to our strictures as to have gazed upon the green waters of the sunlit harbour.

Skipper Thulier, not the least important person in a community of four thousand souls, was assisted by a youth who rejoiced in the name of Daniel O'Connor. Both of these men were full of enthusiasm for their snug little town—this *statio bene fida carinis*, built in terraces upon an abrupt slope of the harbour's encircling hills. Viewed from the water, Kinsale appears worthy of this enthusiasm. Proud of her past, secure of her position in history, she lies there in that neglected corner of the County of Cork

in poverty-stricken beauty. But it was not always so; for did she not receive grants of various franchises and liberties from the Kings of England? These charters in some measure rendered the town a Republic; and among other privileges gave a right to the Corporation of appointing its own Recorder, who was vested with the power of trying all manner of offences that were committed within the place and its liberties, save treason. These charters were forfeited in 1660, because, forsooth, the inhabitants had permitted the Spaniards to land and take possession of the place fifty-nine years before. Difficult it would have been for the "Sovereign" of Kinsale to have made any resistance to the Southerners, even had he been so minded, and proof of this will come anon. Yet in the same year the worthy fisherfolk were reinstated in their privileges, and these evidences of restored prestige were followed by very considerable marks of royal munificence during the two years that followed.

Cork was once a humble appanage of this naval station, and people were wont to inscribe letters for the present capital of the county with the words "near Kinsale." But, *tempora mutantur*, Cork rules to-day, and Kinsale is her cringing servitor. Yet, as we began to enjoy the delights of our first excursion on ideal yachting waters, smoothly moving towards Scilly through a lovely sea as clear as beryl, we could but feel a sort of prescience of better times to come.

Scilly, Summer Cove, and Little Cove are three tiny appurtenances or suburbs of Kinsale. They lie opposite the town at the other side of the harbour. Favourite corners with quiet people they always are, but Scilly possesses more than the usual interest of a watering place free from vulgarity. Old inhabitants state that this small hamlet was originally a settlement of Scilly Islanders, and

grave philologists assert that the names and idioms of its inhabitants indisputably prove the tradition to be a fact. Moreover, it is said that the features of the dwellers in the Hibernian Scilly show that they really spring from the race of Lyonesse.

With such excellent whiskey to drink as that with which our skipper regaled us we could not find time to enquire into these racial divergences. We were absorbed in our first, our infantile, draughts of John Jameson's best, a beverage hitherto spurned as fit only for those whose staple food is potatoes and buttermilk. In a state of beatitude, we watched the delighted faces of our cicerones as they marked our appreciation of their potheen. We drank a libation to the memory of the legendary White Lady of Charles's Fort, whilst passing that squarely-built but obsolete building in the baby ripple of the incoming tide. Lying beneath the Coastguard Station, this erection of the Earl of Orrery completely commands the harbour. The fort was begun in 1670, at the time of a threatened French invasion. The mighty walls are now useless against the power of modern ordnance, and it serves merely as a sturdy reminder of the grim fighting period betwixt 1796 and 1815, when our ships of war brought great freights of French prisoners for incarceration in the dungeons whose loopholes we see. As a memento of one of the most active periods of our history Charles's Fort serves well, and also as the scene of the tragedy of the White Lady. It appears that this personage was the daughter of the Governor of the fort, at a period some time betwixt the present and the bibulous and amorous epoch of the Merry Monarch. The maiden was loved by one of the Governor's lieutenants, and, in order to put his bravery to the test, she bade him pluck some flowers growing in an almost inaccessible place in the rocks below the Devil's Bastion. She must have

made certain stipulations as to the manner of obtaining the flowers, for the rocks and walls look practicable enough from the harbour, otherwise the gallant fellow would not have broken his neck, which he seems to have done, in a vain effort to reach the prize. That the White Lady appropriately died of grief is somewhat consoling to those who frown upon the traditional caprice of women.

Whilst taking another agreeable draught of the native brew, our skipper sententiously observed, "Yes, my lads, if the sky was all paper, and the sea was all ink, you would still be unable to find room for a proper description of the extraordinary fancies of womenkind." As he uttered these words of wisdom we heard a noise as if small shot were falling into the tide. The tiny ripple which had been breaking against our bows had suddenly increased, and seemed full of active life. This was due to the flight of myriads of whitebait before a "bank" of mackerel. The little fish were swimming for dear life, often half out of the water. Their pursuers had a company of snowy gulls as auxiliaries, and these lovely birds swooped down and took Jack Sprat at their leisure. Then came a school of porpoises, their black backs and big fins visible every now and again as they rose to blow. We were nearing the mouth of the harbour, and these rolling monsters were heading towards Kinsale. They left a calm behind them which was broken only by the occasional splash of salmon and sea trout. The honey of heathered hills filled our nostrils with subtle fragrance, and put us into a delectable mood of *dolce far niente*. But, in time, this sleepy feeling wore off, and a certain charming cove in the island that lay on our right tempted us to land. A multitude of rabbits were scattered right and left as we prepared to bathe in one of the most perfect of all possible bathing places. The scent of the brine filled us with fresh strength,

and the feeling of being buoyed up by the velvety water, and of breasting the incoming tide, brought to mind those unparalleled lines of Swinburne's, which embody all the magic of swimming:—

Across and along, as the bay's breadth opens, and o'er us
Wild autumn exults in the wind, swift rapture and strong
Impels us, and broader the wide waves brighten before us,
Across and along.

The whole world's heart is uplifted, and knows not wrong ;
The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-tide's chorus ;
Are we not as waves of the water, as notes of the song ?

Beyond this island, Buller's Bay winked in sudden sunlight, and farther on we could see the Old Head of Kinsale, with its great lighthouse. To our left were the Sovereign's Islands, dotted with sea-fowl. Doubtless, some bygone Mayor or "Sovereign" was wont to go down here to the mouth of the harbour, to catch the "quintessential bloom" of the broad Atlantic, and to mark the big swell on the sea when the tide is racing shorewards. Most of the important coast towns of Ireland once boasted the presence of a "Sovereign." Oftentimes it would be, indeed, a relief to the chief of the municipality of the busy Kinsale of an older day to embark in a trim little boat, and slip down the river to this breezy place, where the puffins croak to each other, and disappear at one's approach, and appear again. The worthy "Sovereign" who received Cromwell, for instance, must surely sometimes have wished that he was a puffin, or something equally insignificant, so that at the dread frown of the man of blood and iron—the Bismarck of the seventeenth century—he, poor trembling Mayor, might have dived deep down, and risen again securely far away. In the shadow of such an imperious person he might be forgiven all errors in proclamations, such as "The Court will be held every Monday (Tuesday excepted)." or "Whereas, in consequence of the Lord

Protector's visit, the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of grain, and especially in the consumption of potatoes."

Over the bar there is some twenty-three feet of water. If there were a greater depth here our modern ironclads might safely ride in the snug harbour. Now only small gunboats and torpedo boats put in during the naval manœuvres. The port of Kinsale, however, was once the retreat of several storm-beaten ships of the Invincible Armada. In Caulfield's Annals, we find it described (1686) as "the safest and best harbour, where ships of the greatest burden may ride within less than half a cable's length of the shore." Sir Jeremy Smith chose it in 1666, and then had there "upwards of 50 sayle of men of war and merchantmen." Prince Rupert, too, ventured to consider it a safe haven, for, according to the Southwell MSS., he brought hither the King's fleet of sixteen ships in 1648, immediately after the execution of King Charles. Three of the Protector's Admirals swooped down upon him and blockaded the coast, but the Cavalier managed to give them the slip and got clear away. Then the Spaniards, whose earlier exploits at Kinsale we are to describe hereafter, brought hither a big fleet in 1660, as if to examine the scene of their former defeat. In 1691, as the old records have it, on a false alarm that the French ships were approaching, "we have one of the most glorious sights that ever appeared on the coast of Ireland, for, at the same time, were seen the English and Dutch fleets in the port of Kinsale, and the grand fleets of both nations at the mouth of the harbour, extending from the Old Head to Youghal."

As we slipped through the clear water towards Oyster Haven, we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the

famous Mount Long Castle, with its four storm-beaten towers. This noble ruin, however, was hidden from view behind a point of land jutting out into a little bay, lovely with a fairy light of faint turquoise. Across this marvellous radiance there shone, amidst emerald meadows, bright golden patches where the standing corn took the mid-day sun.

One of our number having helped himself to the contents of the water-barrel, we now learned that there is nothing so dangerous as an indigestion arising from the too free use of water internally. "That is an important thing to remember," said our skipper, in tones of droll solemnity, "never swig the water as you are doing now; a water indigestion is often fatal." "Oi suppose the drownded people have told you that?" said the second in command.

By and by we saw the sou'-wester coming towards us, across the calm swell of the tide. It was a beautiful ripple, crisping the water with bright silvery arabesques, changing every moment. All at once the wind struck us, the topsail leant over towards the land, and the yacht careered along like a racehorse. Then the capricious wind veered round to due west, waves lashed against the sides, and we saw that we had better put the boat about and run home before the breeze. Away we went through a merry sea, whose billows broke angrily round the great oily patches where the "banks" of fish were lying.

Our skipper now burst forth into song:—

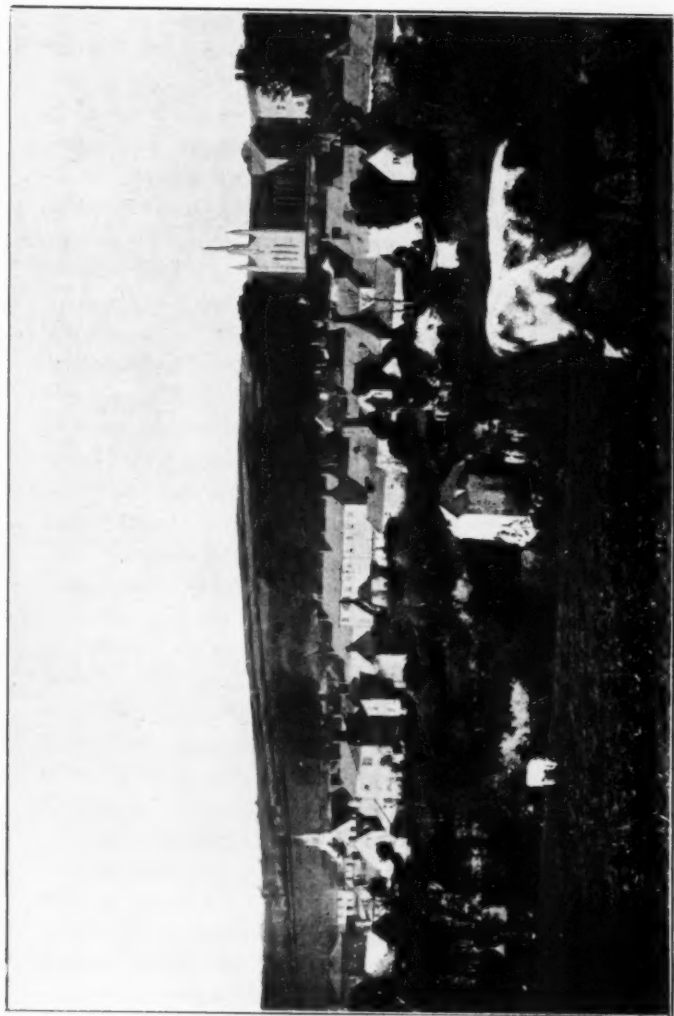
Bark that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle-wall;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide top, the tide top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store!
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail *go-leor*!

We went back to the quay at a fine pace, under a press of canvas,—spinnaker, topsail, foresail, and mainsail,—and never did lunch taste sweeter than the one we ate upon our return.

In the afternoon we again betook ourselves to the water, this time chartering a small yawl belonging to the sexton of the parish church of Kinsale, who went with us as cicerone, and as a sort of human insurance policy. Leaving on our left the historic little hamlet known as the Dock, we sailed up the River Bandon, passing the ruined castle of Rincurran, now erroneously called "Ringrone." The question as to why the orthography of place names, and names of buildings, should change so much in a few generations is difficult to answer. Ignorance is surely the cause of these unsatisfactory and, in some cases, annoying mutations. In regard to this old castle, "Rincurran" is certainly the correct spelling, according to ancient records. It was here that Queen Elizabeth's Lord Deputy besieged the Spaniards who had entrenched themselves with the Irish rebels. The main body of the foreigners was at the Old Fort, and during the siege of Rincurran they made a venturesome sally in hopes of aiding the defenders of the castle. This small Spanish force was defeated, however, and their commander taken prisoner. Then, after many parleyings, Rincurran surrendered, and on his knees in the dust the Irish commander gave up his sword to the Lord President.

These picturesque scenes were conjured up by the busy tongue of our new skipper. He also took us back to the stirring times of Marlborough. For be it known that James II., stimulated by French enthusiasm, landed at Kinsale on the 12th March, 1689. He stayed here a short time, as it were to take his breath, ultimately proceeding northward with his Irish and French allies. Then fol-



FRIARY CHAPEL AND OLD KINSALE.

From a Photograph by Lieut. Col. R. L. Hencke.

lowed a series of defeats, from the decisive Battle of the Boyne to the second battle of Kinsale. This engagement was gained by Marlborough after James's army had made a desperate resistance. The affair was fought mainly on the spot where the first battle of Kinsale raged the fiercest. This was at the Old Fort, on the peninsula now known as Castle Park. The English took it by storm, but the governor of the Irish garrison, Colonel O'Driscoll, after shipping his sovereign to France, retired into Ringrone Castle, and there held out valiantly until he and two hundred of his soldiers were slain in the breach. We can picture to ourselves the saturnine features of King James, as he issued from a hole in the wall of the Old Fort, at dead of night, and, entering a fishing-boat, bade farewell to those dreams of puissance that had inspired him to seek to recover his former kingdom.

At that time the River Bandon and the harbour must have presented a very lively picture: now the ice hulks of a less warlike age float in front of the Castle where once Marlborough's naval auxiliaries anchored and thundered menace at the heroic upholders of a hopeless cause.

We proceed up stream, noting the "Folly," a rocky wood just beyond the "World's End," where King James is said to have hidden himself. The scars made by the round shot of the ships of William and Mary may still be seen in the cliffs. Here, too, is the so-called imprint of the Dane's Foot; Kinsale having been once held by the Northmen, though its history practically began with the coming of the Normans in 1178. These mail-clad invaders made it a centre from which to extend their influence and authority, and then the town became what it still is, the quarters of an English garrison.

We went back on the ebb, and in unwelcome rain, which, together with the cry of a curlew feeding in a marshy spot

up the river, invested everything with a dismal melancholy not unsuited to a place where listlessness and pessimism seem the chief characteristics of the major portion of the inhabitants. This languid spirit, this unmistakable enervation, is that of a country whose aims are wholly misunderstood, whose best blood has been taken away, and whose hopes are well nigh extinguished. Something of this we most clearly saw when we drew in our pollack lines, which had been unsuccessfully towed under the Old Fort, and along the rocks of its peninsula. Fine rain had begun to fall with the outflow of the tide, and our piscatorial ardour was effectually damped. We therefore abandoned our schemes for filling the yawl with fish, and gave ourselves up to the tender mercies of the sexton, who had long been wanting to give us the summary of his philosophy of life.

After hearkening to his views, we betook us to an open boat, anchored near a jungly cove. Boarding the somewhat malodorous craft, we fraternised with the crew of three stalwart fishermen. They had rigged up a shelter in the stern, and they were lying there, under the yellow tarpaulin, smoking the vilest of all possible thick twist. Their movements, so full of languor, their listless attitude, showing an indifference even to a large increase on their regular prices, most admirably illustrated the general enervation of the fisherfolk of Southern Ireland. Three shillings for a trio of lobsters, was an unexpectedly high figure, but the receipt of the silver did not evoke a smile. Their pots were full of fine fish, whose claws had been rendered useless by means of broken joints. We sympathised with the three sturdy fellows when they told us that the English company with whom they trade pays them only eight shillings per dozen for their catch, and this sympathy gained us their

goodwill. When we informed them that we often paid two shillings and sixpence for a decent-sized lobster they threw us a bream and a conger, ejaculating "My God"—a spasmodic attempt to get in touch with a lucrative business; but, alas! we could not remove the obstacle of the middle-man, and we had to leave them to work out their own salvation. Their weekly earnings of £2 to £3, divided in three parts, is not a princely remuneration for exposure to all weathers, but, at any rate, it is more than many poor men earn in poverty-stricken Ireland. "We suppose you have genuine Irish whiskey in England?" one of them shouted as we made for the port. "Of course," responded the sexton gravely, "all made in Scotland from good honest English barley."

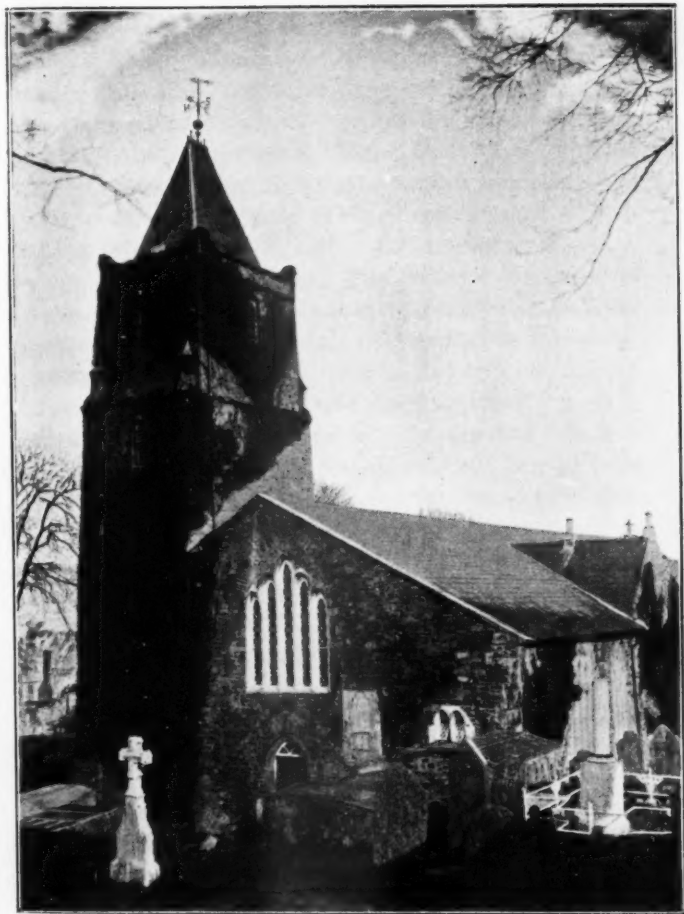
Next day, after the hotel factotum had told us that he had just been buying mutton for the purpose of making some beef-tea, our landlord conducted us to the old French gaol in Cork Street, not to be incarcerated, but in order that we might see what manner of lodging was accorded to the King's enemies, in the shape of pirates, Gallic privateers, and any of those dreaded Barbary Corsairs who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the municipality. When Kinsale was an important naval station this old Gothic prison was seldom without interesting occupants; but, alas! *Fugaces labuntur anni*, and now it is a hay and straw store.

Cork Street, abruptly trending hillwards, is in itself not unromantic. There one sees in daily use cool earthen vessels of classical shape, like the water-jars of South Europe. Women, enjoying their petty gossip, stand in picturesque attitudes, the pitchers poised upon their heads and shoulders. We should scarcely feel surprised if one or two of the learned friars of Kinsale's once famous Abbey, who passed into their last and most tranquil sleep

over five hundred years ago, were to stalk down towards the quay recurrently uttering a benignant *pax vobiscum*, so antique, so little changed appears this narrow way.

On the heights above is the Industrial School, where patient women are labouring to introduce order into chaotic intelligences. Specimens of the loveliest gossamer lace may be seen, the handiwork of their pupils. Here, as at Kenmare, the rough girls who are taught the art of making these airy fabrics invariably and wilfully forget the valuable lessons of the Sisters as soon as they leave the institution, thus once more exemplifying the fact that what is an enforced labour is always regarded as an infliction to be escaped from at the first possible moment, and at all costs. "Is your town a healthy one?" we asked our guide, after declining to visit the school. "O, of course," he replied, "we know nothing of typhoid, typhus, and smallpox here. Everybody is healthy except those who are sick."

From Cork Street to the parish church of St. Multose, it is but a step. The churchyard, set round with tall elms and sycamores, presents a lovely picture. These trees are the home of a colony of rooks of ecclesiastical proclivities. Swaying in the fresh west wind, vociferous and insistent, these birds cast their shadows upon the curious old vaults which are everywhere noticeable in this part of Ireland. Somewhere among those crumbling tombs slumbers, maybe, the builder-patron, Saint Multose. About two years ago his image was discovered over the main door of the church, where it had been buried in plaster since the time of the Reformation. Denuded of all sacrilegious defilement, we see it now above the portal, through which have passed so many motley generations since Norman warriors, in the chain armour and surcoats of the memorable twelfth century, saluted the founder saint on



CHURCH OF ST. MULTOSE, KINSALE.

From a Photograph by Lieut. Col. R. Ll. Hawkes.

entering. The legend states that when St. Multose and his men were building the church, he asked the natives of Kinsale to give him assistance in the task of transporting the stones. They flatly refused to take part in the sacred work, thus compelling the monk to have recourse to the service of the country people. Whereat, in a moment of quite justifiable anger, St. Multose decreed that strangers should flourish in Kinsale, and that the natives should ultimately become impoverished. Those who attach importance to traditional ordinances like this, triumphantly point out that now no *bonâ fide* native of the town owns the price of his boot laces, and that all the people of influence are strangers. Excusing their poverty, the natives say that Kinsale is boycotted by the predominant city of Cork, and neglected by the railway company; but we discovered what appears to be the real reason of the town's impotence and decay. When the fisheries were important, tourists who were anxious to see something of the place and its industry were unable to find lodgings, and were treated with scant courtesy. Now, when Castletownsend, Baltimore, and Castletownbere—whose harbours are closer to the fishing-grounds—have taken away a large share of what was formerly the virtual monopoly of Kinsale, the good folk want an influx of visitors, but all they get are capricious people like ourselves, the main stream flowing steadily past to Cork and Killarney. This is really very wrong, as no quieter place for honeymooners could well be imagined.

We cannot forget the story we overheard in a railway carriage, during our Irish trip. It was told of Lord Rosse and his telescope. "My dear Lord Rosse," said one of his fair friends one day, "can you tell me whether the moon is really inhabited?" "No, Lady X., I cannot," replied his Lordship; "but I know of one moon wherein I invari-

ably descry a man and a woman." "Dear me, how very interesting," said Lady X., "pray tell me to what planet does it belong." "The planet of love," replied Lord Rosse, "and it is the honeymoon."

Kinsale now sings Grave's song, "The Lonesome Lovers":—

Ochone, Patrick Blake, you're off to Dublin,
 And, sure, for your sake, I'm the terrible trouble in;
 For I thought that I knew what my "Yes" and my "No" meant,
 Till I tried it on you—that misfortunate moment.
 But somehow I find, since I sent Pat away,
 Must be, in my mind, I was wishful he'd stay.

Our experience goes to prove that, despite the decentralisation of the fisheries, Kinsale possesses all the elements of success within her compact little self. She is only 11½ miles from her capital. She is the equal of any port in Ireland, save perhaps Berehaven. If her fishermen were fitted out with larger and better boats they might possibly regain some of their olden trade, for modern science teaches them more of the shoals and the habits of fish than their forefathers knew. Practically the same nets are now used as those which the Apostles threw into the Sea of Galilee, and those which brought out of the ocean the glistening mullet to furnish the tables of the ancient Greeks. The fisherman's seine changes but little, and when it does change it is for the worse. To add to the loss, caused by the poorness of takes in waters constantly disturbed by the great Atlantic liners, the Cornishmen have come with nets of narrower mesh than those employed by the Irish, working incalculable damage through the destruction of innumerable immature fish. We hope, however, that these malpractices will soon be stopped, and that the town once so flourishing—even in that age when Edward III. granted its charter before the

battle of Crecy—may soon regain its former prosperity. Of these local topics we heard a great deal whilst loitering through the church, pausing awhile to scan the square Norman font, and the quaint wooden commemorative tablets. Then our guide led the way over a wall into the ruined Galwey chapel, open to the blue sky, and full of antique beauty. Here, from a flat tombstone of the fifteenth century, there comes the appeal—

Quisquis eris qui transieris
Perlege, sta, et plora ;
Eram ut es, eris ut sum,
Pro me, precor, ora ;

whilst we, with the inevitable heedlessness of healthy men, looked round with but a languid interest, thinking of mundane things ; our hearts—our very souls—singing a more Epicurean stanza, one dear to the hearts of students, the first verse of “*De Brevitate Vitæ*”—

Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus ;
Post jucundam juventutem ;
Post molestam senectutem ;
Nos habebit humus, nos habebit humus .

And it was this same grand old German chorus that afterwards enlivened the level road leading through Dunderrow, Shippool, and lovely Innishannon to Bandon. The evening was calm and sweet, like the touch of cool hands on a fevered brow. A dove-coloured sky, a long, white road, and meadows sloping towards the river, gave a quiet dignity to the landscape that filled us with a sense of rest. Grey herons were wading in the placid stream, each bird faithfully reflected in the grey water. Undisturbed, save for that silent fisherman, the sleek otter, these herons typified the absolute peace of the countryside. Beyond Ballywilliam we turned our machines towards Kinsale. A precipitous hill brought us to Tassasson—the

Saxon's Abode—and the ruins of the White Castle. A name like this—plain, unadorned, unaffected—at once illumines the mind with romance. The White Castle on the White Castle Creek, whose history has now passed out of men's minds, and is found not in books! It was a delightful spot for reflection. Wildfowl screamed in the shallow inlet, whose banks blazed with golden ragwort. The scent of pinewoods rose in the still, dry air, mingling with the strong perfume of the potato flower. Set in a cluster of brown rustics, gathered together on a narrow bridge, a boy was whistling a plaintive melody in a minor key. We dismounted and joined the group, striving to obtain some knowledge of the White Castle, whose bare walls rose up before us on our left. Of this ruin our Irish friends had but little to say. Their learning was more immediate than classic. They could speak discursively of the phenomenally dry summer, with its scanty crop of hay. They could predict a plentiful gathering of potatoes, and a poor show of mangolds and turnips; they could discuss the probabilities of barley, and the risk of rain coming before the promising harvest was cut. They could sing us a song, the simple ballad of "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye"—

While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! hurroo !
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
"Johnny, I hardly knew ye.
With your drums and guns, and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
O darling dear, you look so queer,
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !"

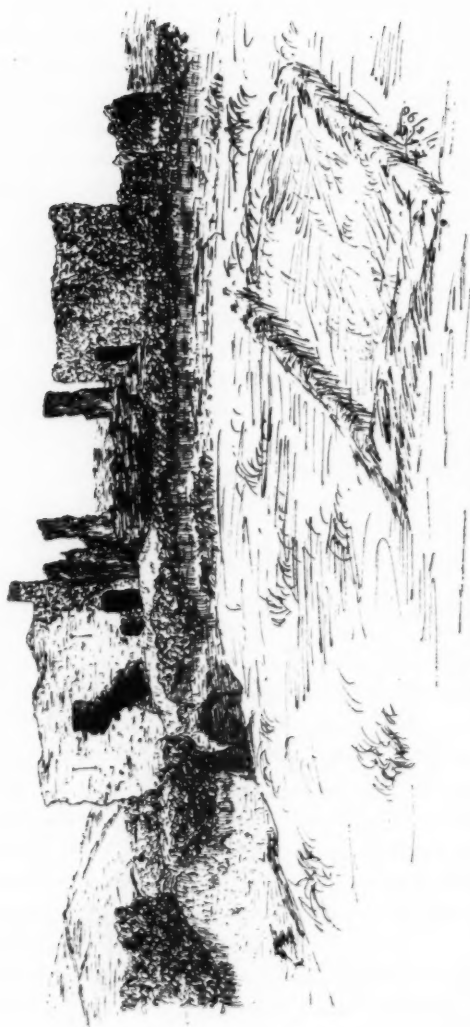
They could talk lengthily of the salmon crowding the rivers, and of the stream-poisoning fiend, who pours milk of spurge into the big pools when the weather is hot and the water low. They sketched for us the tragic death of

the unhappy fish—their protruding eyes, their blanched gills, their sheeny scales dropping off into the water like flakes of silver. But these natives could not invest the crumbling walls of the White Castle with any tangible interest, and our imaginations had to fill the vanished courtyard with dim shapes of unremembered men.

Tradition, however, was not silent the next day, when we visited the hilly promontory known as Castle-ny-Parke. This, the most interesting, the most delightful, terrain in all Kinsale, was to be the scene of our farewells. The old fort, erected on the land of the De Courcys, its battered walls touched here and there with the mauve of the mallow and the faint pink of the tiniest wild geranium, speaks eloquently of the dramatic episodes it has witnessed. In the glorious times of great Elizabeth, during the war of Tyrone—the *Bellum quindecim annorum*—the Marquis de Santa Croce, Admiral of Spain, brought Don Juan de Aguila to Kinsale, in his great flagship, the "St. Paul." The fleet under the command of the Marquis bore some 2,500 infantry, who were all safely landed on the now famous promontory. We can imagine the despair of the Irish Catholics under O'Donal Sullevan, Prince of Bere and Bantry, Hugh O'Donnell, Hugh O'Neill, and Sir Fineen O'Driscoll, when "the wind suddenly scorted," and they saw the splendid ships of Spain turn away from their objective, the port of Queenstown. We can also picture to ourselves their joy when they saw the squadron putting in to the land-locked bay of Kinsale. We seem to see the Southerners entering and taking possession of the town, flying their twenty-five colours with all the pride of a nation at that time the proudest and richest in the world. We see the meagre English garrison of 50 foot and 40 horse betaking themselves off over the hills to inform Lord Mountjoy of the invasion. We see

the "Sovereign," or Mayor, discreetly bowing to the inevitable in the shape of Don Juan de Aguila, Maestro del Campo General, and marching with white rod, billeting the officers upon the principal citizens. Charmed with the singular politeness of Don Juan, and, like all the Irish chieftains, fascinated by the magic of King Philip's money, this worthy Mayor, this fifteenth century opportunist, must have felt that a landing so easily effected by foreigners might mean ultimate domination. In that early period of their colonial expansion Spaniards had much to tell of the wonders of the New World. Even in time of war man does not allow himself to be deprived of the various *agréments* of life, and we can picture to ourselves the obsequious Mayor on a chilly autumn night closeted with the still more obsequious General Don Juan, who, with never-failing cup of Malvasia, warmed, maybe, as was then the custom, and flavoured with spices from the eastern archipelago, has loosened the chief magistrate's tongue. We hear the soft yet sonorous voice of this *caballero* insisting that his host is of Spanish descent, for did not the Iberians settle upon the southern coasts of Ireland, and are they not, therefore, brothers not only by a common taste, but also by actual consanguinity? Meanwhile the musk-flavoured wine disappears in copious draughts. The brothers become more fraternal. Tales are told of Columbus—the gold he discovered; Cortes and the wonders of Mexico, Pizarro and Peru; so that when the Irishman sees his guest to bed, he is, perhaps, so burdened with his load of new knowledge that his hand trembles, his white wand drops, and he staggers on the stairs!

How busy they were, those Spanish gentlemen! There was Francisco de Padilla and Antonio Céntono, Maestros de Campo, besides 42 captains and other officers. The



THE RUINS OF THE OLD FORT, KINSALE.

From a Sketch by Mr. E. A. Coulborn.

fort on Castle-ny-Parke absorbed their energies. Working sometimes long into the night, they made it immensely strong. But they laboured in vain, for their magnificent equipment of artillery was never landed. Don Pedro de Zuibar had it aboard of the ships which ought to have accompanied the squadron of the Marqués de Santa Croce, but which were unhappily delayed. In the bay of Castlehaven Sir Richard Levison fought and dispersed Don Pedro's fleet when it came up at last. Hence it was that Don Juan de Aguila had but three ship's cannon and two pieces of ordnance belonging to the town wherewith to beat off the beleaguering English army. Reinforced by 500 more infantry, successfully landed by Don Pedro de Zuibar at Carbery, Don Juan was nevertheless in a position to offer battle had he but possessed a sufficient force of cavalry. With admirable forethought he had brought with him some 1,600 saddles, but he could get no horses from his Irish allies. Thus impotent, he was constantly galled by the appearance of English troopers, who came up daily to the town to reconnitre. These indignities had to be borne, for there was no Spanish *caballeria* to pursue. Then occurred the skirmish near the Castle of Rincurran in aid of its defenders, of which we have already heard. Then came famine, and the magnificent sally of the hungry Spaniards, who captured and carried away 300 head of cattle, and a large number of sheep from the neighbouring land, with Captain Taaffe in full pursuit. The English commander came up with the raiders as they were crowding in at the gate of their stronghold, and he re-took a portion of their spoil under the very walls of the fort. Of this same Captain Taaffe there is a good story told. It appears that during the siege the armies of the rebel chiefs were very active round about Kinsale, encouraged by the presence of such a strong force of Spaniards, backed by the

immense power and prestige of their king. One evening, prior to a fight, a certain Brian Hugh Oge Macmahon, a rebel commander, sent a boy over to the English camp, beseeching Taaffe, "for auld acquaintance sake," to send him a bottle of aqua-vitæ. Taaffe, with the usual courtesy of a foe, did not withhold the brandy, and, with the cunning of a Machiavelli, he sent a bottle of such an excellent quality that Brian Macmahon, in hopes of always being in touch with an unusually good brand, turned traitor, and disclosed to Mountjoy the exact position of the Spaniards, his own allies. With this knowledge the English were enabled more closely to invest Kinsale, and in some measure to break the line of communication betwixt the Spaniards and the Irish leaders. Don Juan de Aguilá, impetuous and confident, vainly strove to achieve some real success. It is said that he was treacherous, and that he did not hearken to the counsel of his Irish friends, thus failing to accomplish his mission. But those who view the matter dispassionately are bound to agree that he laboured in a hopeless position, and that the treachery and incompetence should be laid to the charge of the Irish leaders. Kinsale was a sort of Sedan, and the crisis came on the 23rd December, 1601, when a great battle was fought in and around the town. The English and Irish had alike concentrated their forces in the neighbourhood, and the morning of the struggle opened with an attack upon the town walls. The Irish made a splendid resistance, but were eventually driven back, and the Queen's Army entered Kinsale. The fight waged fiercest at the spot now known as the Hundred Steps, and it is said the blood ran down the gutters into the harbours. The Irish were completely routed, and the Spaniards were beaten back into the fort. Hither the English commander sent Sir William Godolphin to treat with Don Juan, who inveighed long

and bitterly against his Irish allies. He declined to accept Sir William's proposal, and again there was fierce and continued fighting. Expecting help almost daily, the Spanish General thus held out another week, when, finding himself at the end of his resources, and seeing no prospect of help either by land or sea, he sent a letter to Lord Mountjoy by his drum-major, offering to capitulate. This letter was dated the 31st December, 1601, and stipulated, as a condition of capitulation, that the Lord Deputy was to furnish transport vessels to convey to Spain the Spanish forces, their arms, ammunition, and money, with colours flying, and with due honour and respect. That Don Juan wrote a masterly *carta* there can be no manner of doubt, as his terms were accepted by the English with but slight modifications. Even his enemies were wont to say that he could use his tongue and pen with great readiness, some of them asserting that he was more skilled in their use than in that of the sword.

On the second day of January, 1602, the rendition was finally arranged, and the fort was surrendered to Lord Mounjoy. Thus ended the second struggle between Britain and Spain in which Kinsale has been interested; for this was not the first Spanish defeat at the mouth of the Bandon river. In 1380 a fleet from Cadiz or Coruña, after harrying the English coast, was overcome here by an English squadron. But the victory of Lord Mountjoy, was, in truth, "one of the most momentous successes in the history of the world." Different, indeed, would have been our English history if Don Juan de Aguila and his Irish allies had won the battle of Kinsale.

After his surrender, Don Juan, a worthy and courteous foe, retired to Cork with all the honours of war. King Philip, unacquainted with the defeat of his troops, still continued to write long letters to his Maestro de Campo

General, entreating him to prosecute the war with all possible energy. These royal messages, signed either by the Duke of Lerma, or personally with the simple words "Yo, el Rey," were all intercepted and read by the English commanders.

We now come to the last act—the leave-taking, when perhaps ironical *au revoirs* were exchanged by the Spanish troops and English soldiers with whom they fraternised. Don Juan embarked, and set sail with a fair wind on the 20th February, 1602 (some say on the 16th March), accompanied by several Irish leaders for whom he had procured safe conducts. Red Hugh O'Donnell and other Irishmen had embarked at Castlehaven during the siege, in order to crave reinforcements from King Philip. These men Don Juan found in Spain, after his safe arrival at Ferrol, near Coruña. The chief O'Donnell is said to have been poisoned at the court, a death as tragic as that of Don Juan de Aguilá, who, upon the king learning the truth of his general's operations in Ireland, ordered him to be imprisoned in his own house, where he soon died of grief.

As we walked through the underground passages of the old fort, we seemed to see the imperious figure of the Spanish commander in doublet, hose, and rapier, turning from a consultation with his lieutenants to take off his hat to an Irish laundress, with a polite request that she should use more care in the preparation of the yellow starch for his ruff. We seem to see him also in Spain, where he thinks kindly of the Lord President of Ireland, sending him some wines of Ripadavia, some lemons, and some oranges. In return for these gifts he receives an ambling hackney from Sir George Carew, who cannot resist the temptation to write and say how much profit he has received by the "Book of Fortification" which Don

Juan had left at his departure: saying further that, as a good scholar, he had put some of the letters into practice; so that in case of his correspondent's return, he would see for himself whether profit had been derived from the studies.

This delicate irony, this almost farcical acknowledgment of the Spanish General as a past master in military matters, this polite fooling and kissing of hands; this intense human interest running through a tragic story, is more fascinating to the student when he has visited the scene of the Spanish commander's exploits. Standing on the promontory of Castle-ny-Parke, Don Juan de Aguila becomes to us almost a living being, dominating us, absorbing our whole interest, the most dramatic figure in the history of Kinsale.

SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER RECORDS AT KINSALE.

	Mean Temperature, 9 A.M.	Mean Minimum.	Mean Maximum.	Mean Range.	Highest on any Day.	Lowest on any Day.	Greatest Range on any Day.	Least Range on any Day.
1895—August ...	63·1	67·0	54·1	12·9	70	47	20	5
Sept'mber	62·3	65·0	53·2	12·0	69	46	20	5
October...	49·0	54·0	42·6	11·3	65	31	22	4
November	47·7	51·7	41·6	10·1	58	33	18	4
December	44·6	48·8	39·7	9·0	55	29	16	4
1896—January ...	44·5	48·2	40·2	8·0	55	31	17	2
February..	47·8	50·5	43·0	7·5	56	33	19	3
March.....	48·6	54·0	42·5	11·4	59	34	22	3
April	53·4	58·2	44·7	13·6	67	39	22	5
May	60·9	65·3	47·2	18·3	75	35	26	12
June	65·4	71·0	53·0	18·1	78	49	23	10
July.....	64·0	70·3	54·7	15·9	77	46	23	9
Average for 12 } months }	54·2	58·6	46·3	12·3	—	—	—	—



"Dulce est desipere in loco."—Horace.

[By the great courtesy of Professor Flaccus (who, it will be remembered, read before the Manchester Literary Club a poem entitled "Thirlmere Water," an interesting and learned experiment in literature) I am enabled to submit to you the shorthand report of an address on "The Art of Poetry," which he has lately read before the University of Ballymooney, and which at the present time is exciting considerable controversy in critical circles. Mr. Swinburne, it is understood, will review the address in the "Fortnightly." Personally I do not commit myself.—J. D. Andrew.]

THE ART OF POETRY.

An Address to the University of Ballymooney, by Cornelius Horatius Flaccus, M.A., LL.D., Hon. Mem., M.L.C.

POETRY is a part of the universe, as essential as the sun which gives us light or the air we breathe. It came into being at the creation, when the morning stars sang together, when the brook rippling from its fount was the flute of nature, and the sighing of the new-born wind its Æolian harp. For at its birth poetry was inarticulate,

music was its expression, and Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," the first poet.

And I would have you mark how, first, as the ancient music was of three kinds, the strings, the brasses, and the wind, even so it is with poetry, for some of it is stringy, some brazen, and some windy.

Again, note the universality of poetry. It accompanies man as a heavenly solace from the cradle to the grave—from the lullaby and the nursery rhyme to the epitaph; it recommends a teething powder or a pill; on an emergency it glorifies a mistress, or gilds a parliamentary candidate. Nay, even while sitting recluse from the world, and pondering in seclusion upon the vanities of life, it bursts upon you from without, and on a villainous handbill exhorts you to "Pray look up that useless lumber which you so long have left to slumber" against the visit of the peripatetic dealer in the obsolete trappings of civilisation.

It is heard more or less articulately alike from the frozen zone to the torrid pole—I mean from the torrid pole to the frozen zone. In far Cathay the harmless necessary Chinaman bursts into harmonious song in praise of Friendship, thus:—

Fa muh chang chang,
Deaown ming yang yang
Ch'huh teze yen kuh,
Tsun yu k'heon muh;
Yang k'hi ming e;
Yen khi yew shing;
Seang pe neaon e,
Yew kew yew shing,
Chin e jin e,
Puh kew yew sang,
Shin che ting che
Chung hi te'hray ping.

As some of you I fear may not be sufficiently advanced in your knowledge of this ancient language I give you a

translation, which, however, hardly retains the delicate aroma of the original.

In felling a tree the axes of many resound,
 The birds of the woods sing in reiterated notes to their fellows,
 They issue forth from shady retreats in the valleys,
 They remove to the groves and perch in groups upon the lofty trees,
 To each other they chirp in response !
 These are the sounds by which friends are invited.
 Observe those birds :
 Even they have a voice to invoke friendship,
 Shall it then be that men
 Desire not the society of living friends ?
 The gods listen with pleasure to those
 Who continue to the end in harmony and peace.

Here, in these beautiful lines, we find combined the poetical observation of a Wordsworth, with the throbbing human heart of a Whitman.*

But now, "distinguo," you must clearly understand that poetry is of two kinds—natural and artificial. The first is without form and void, the second is fashioned and often also void, and it is of this latter I am speaking—the *art* of poetry. The proverb tells us that "*poeta nascitur, non fit*," i.e., the poet is not fit for the job unless he is born to it. But, for the matter of that, so you may say of the painter or the musician: you would no more expect to make a painter of a cotton-spinner, or a musical composer of a sanitary engineer, than you would to get a knight-errant out of a town councillor. Men take to their vocations as to their mothers' milk, for God has made them so; but, directly the natural bent is obvious, then steps in art and completes the work: so I am discoursing on the *art* of poetry.

* With regard to this marvellous display of erudition I should like to say, in confidence, that on my congratulating the professor on his acquaintance with Chinese literature he burst out laughing at what he called my "greenness." "Sorra a bit," said he, "do I know of the haythen language! I wouldn't demane meself to larn it. I just tuk the Chinese and the translation from ould Morrison."

The great Flaccus (whom I am proud to claim as a collateral ancestor) says, "Quæsitum est"—but I spare you the Latin—he says: "It has become a question whether good poetry be derived from nature or from art. For my part I can neither conceive what study can do without a rich natural vein, nor what rude genius can avail of itself, so much does the one need the other and so amicably do they work together . . . and so," says he, "the flute player must first have learnt his notes." There are some modern critics, I am aware, who insist that "poetry is a quality, a possession—not a form," and that such as Cowley, Pope, Prior, Gay, and Crabbe were not poets at all, nor will they allow humour, or satire, or philosophy, or metaphysics to be, under any circumstances, "poetry." "The greatest poet," say they, "is he who feels most keenly and expresses his feeling most beautifully"—and so the delirium of erotic boys and neurotic girls is poetry, and the work of the mighty Lucretius is nowhere in the running! So much the worse for poetry, then, say I.

But with the greatest respect, I would ask these egregious asses—these addle-headed, crack-brained rantipoles—why do we call poetry an "art"? The poet is born so certainly, but he has to learn his alphabet to begin with. If the poet is devoid of art, what sort of a creature is he? He is a born natural, with as much fire as the fag-end of a glow-worm, and as much melody as a nutmeg-grater.

But I have kept you too long on the threshold of my subject, and having thus cleared the ground of the *dissecta membra* of my contemptible opponents, I will now proceed to the serious consideration of what is incumbent on him who would be a poet. Imprimis, of course, I assume the possession of the divine afflatus, although I shall not attempt to lay down any rule for its identification.

At the outset do not be too easily discouraged if the world ignores your song. It may comfort you to know that many a poet is born to blush unseen and waste his sweetness in the unremunerative columns of a provincial newspaper, or in the dim and tobacco-laden obscurity of a literary club. Should such be your fate, reflect, then, on the littleness and mutability of fame, and take it out of the jade by a severe critique—say, on “Paradise Lost.” Rejoice to think that if the grapes are too high for you they are undoubtedly sour, whoever gets them.

But maybe you have suffered from neglecting the *convenances* of your position; you perhaps are disposed to consider your personal appearance as of no consequence. But just picture to yourself for one moment Homer and Virgil walking down the street arm in arm and smoking cigarettes—the one wearing a top shiner and a frockcoat with a button-hole, the other a suit of dittoes and a pot hat, and tell me what would you think of the “Iliad” and the “Æneid” after that? Where would be your reverence for the authors of those mighty classics? No—avoid the common-place, the young poet must be uncommon to succeed. The cultivation of long hair, an eccentricity in attire, or the disuse of soap is advisable, while added to this, a general recklessness in behaviour, especially a lofty contempt for the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, will often avail you to get rid of reams of fatuousness. Or, the extravagance and recklessness can be put into your productions instead—you mock, you shock, and you sell.

And now for the eternal precepts of the divine art. The offspring of your muse should be clothed in poetic form. I warn you against the evil examples of Tupper and Whitman, although they gain crowds of admirers whose ears, however large, are unattuned to the melody of rhythm. When is a door not a door? When is a poem

not a poem? When it is a jar. Not only must it breathe a living soul, but it must have a tuneful voice.

Then, as to poetic diction, be not led away by those who would have you believe that the language of ordinary life is sufficient—nay, preferable. Wordsworth himself, who took that view, when introducing a young wood-cutter, calls him a “blooming wood boy,” an expression any decent poet would scorn to employ. Avoid calling a spade a spade, but describe it instead as a “forceful iron” say, or something equally elegant. If you have sufficient talent to coin new words, such as “honey-feel,” “serpentry,” or “needments” (which Keats hit off), or you are clever at “Wardour Street” English, like Morris, then, instead of “I was a smith,” you say “A smithying carle was I;” and you depict the Cyclops destroying the comrades of Ulysses thus—

And then he shredded them limb-meal
and both for his supper dight.

This sort of writing will add much to your fame, at any rate with the dictionary makers.

The modes of expression are blank verse and rhyme.

Blank verse, in the opinion of some, takes its name from its being blank of anything like reason; others because of its blankness of all rhyme. The learned Smelfungus favoured the latter view, and I am with him. But, for all that, there can be no doubt that a mighty large proportion has neither rhyme nor reason, so both definitions apply. It was invented by Shakespeare, and brought to perfection by Milton, who put forth more dreary prose disguised in the garb of poetry than any man before or since.

For examples of this kind of poetry I refer you to “Paradise Lost,” and Wordsworth’s “Excursion,” with the certain conviction that you will not have patience to read either of them through.

Rhymed verse is of many kinds, but for greater convenience I shall class it under three heads—long metre, short metre, and common metre. Long metre I have always thought a trifle mean, in respect of its being an excuse for postponing the serious difficulty of finding a rhyme for as long a period as possible. Still, it includes much fine poetry. The following is by my esteemed friend, the poet Stansfield:—

The air was rent with loud huzzas and with the cannon's roar,
Nor ever in Cetinje's town was heard the like before ;
E'en lame and halt did hobble out, on crutches and on sticks,
To hear the news—the joyful news—of the taking of Nicsics !

I admit that, with a word to rhyme to like "Nicsics" waiting for you, there is a powerful temptation to make the metre long, but the poet's usual elegance is not here displayed, and the fastidious critic stickles at "sticks."

Knowing the manners and customs of patriots, I suggest rather this—

The air was rent with loud huzzas and with the cannon's roar,
Nor ever in Cetinje's town was heard the like before ;
The Montenegrin patriots met, their favourite drinks to mix,
To celebrate the joyful news—the taking of Nicsics.

But, while it cannot be denied that many celebrated poems and favourite songs are in long metre, and that it lends itself admirably to a chorus, the grave objection remains that too frequently it is like the long-pull at a beershop—the quantity may be satisfactory, but the quality leaves much to be desired.

Short metre is more exacting, and hence is not so much attempted. Here, however, is a piece of my own composition, which I have no hesitation in saying, for terseness, simplicity, truth, and sensibility, is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. It is entitled "The Wail of the Dyspeptic."

I
Sigh.
Why !
Pie !

Here you have not one redundant word, and yet what a world of feeling it displays. If, as Wordsworth observes, "Passion is derived from a word which signifies suffering," and again, "The pathetic participates of an animal sensation," what more passionate outburst—what deeper pathos than this?

The common metre is so well known that I need not waste time in describing it. Nor need I perplex you with the mysteries of scanning. The ancient poetry stood on its feet. These were so various, what with the Trochee, the Iambus, the Spondee, etc., that there were as many sorts and sizes as you would find in a boot shop, but the modern is known by its accent, so that you can distinguish one kind of verse from another as easily as an Irishman from a Scotchman, or an Englishman from both. And again, by the recurrence or shifting of the rhyme you get all manner of verses, known by their proper names, such as Octosyllabics—common, heroic, and triplets—Elegiacs, Rhymes royal, Alexandrines, Spenserian stanzas, Ottava rima, Terza rima, etc., on all which I might descant for a week, but I spare you, as it is quite unnecessary. All I advise is that your verse should rhyme and rattle, then it will be well, and you can leave the learned quidnuncs to define it. As a great authority says: "You are ever to try a good poem as you would sound a pipkin; and if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it." And if by chance you have hit upon a new kind of verse, never known before, so much the better, your friends will oblige you—as they often do—by giving it a name, and your health will be drunk with all the honours.

But, that you may be exercised in the muse, I recommend you to study carefully the following exquisite stanza by the poet Wordsworth:—

"What can I do," says Betty, going,
 "What can I do to ease your pain?
 Good Susan, tell me, and I'll stay,
 I fear you're in a dreadful way,
 But I shall soon be back again."

And when you are thoroughly saturated with its meaning, turn it into, successively—1st, blank verse; 2nd, elegiac octosyllabics; 3rd, heroic triplets; 4th, Spenserian stanza; 5th, a sonnet. I know no better way of fixing in one's memory the deep thoughts of our inspired writers.

And now, having brought you thus far up the slopes of Parnassus, I must leave you to attempt the summit for yourself. If you carefully observe the precepts I have enunciated, you will become a poet—of a sort—what sort I would rather not hurt your feelings by saying. For it is a solemn truth that, while there are millions of stars twinkling above us, there are but a precious few of the first magnitude. Poets are, indeed,

Like Jeremiah's figs;

The good are very good indeed—the bad not fit for pigs.

It is as easy to make a poet as to make a glass bottle; and it is as easy too to stick on a label and give the brand of the very best whiskey you know. But it is only a whiskey bottle after all, and not a bottle of whiskey.

I may give you the actor's mask, but I cannot the living lips behind it. I may, indeed, tutor those lips and modulate the voice proceeding from them, but it is beyond my power to endow you with the soul, without which you are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

I have set your feet on the way; all that I can do further is to give you my blessing, and beg that, for the sake of Ballymooney, you will not make a fool of yourself.



THE GREEK DRAMA.—I. TRAGEDY.

BY THE REV. A. W. FOX.

THERE can be no doubt that the Greek Drama in its twin form of tragedy and comedy had its origin in the "Rural Dionysia," or country festival of Dionysus, which took place in the month of December, and is generally supposed to be in its inception a vintage-feast. The same origin is also commonly assigned to the "Lenæa," or festival of the wine-press, as indeed its name would imply. But this feast was held in January, soon after the turn of the winter solstice, while March was the month in which the "Greater Dionysia" were celebrated. That the Greeks connected all these feasts in later times with the worship of the wine-god, when Dionysus became identified with Bacchus, is beyond question; but that identification does not prove that they were right in so doing. Grapes are not gathered in December or January—no, nor in March, even in sunny Greece—and another origin for this cycle of festivals must be sought. In the first place it may with advantage be noted that the Homeric Dionysus was not in the earliest instance a wine-god, but a power who presided over that revival of new life in nature which culminates in spring. Aristotle, too, in his "Poetics,"

indicates that this deity was worshipped with phallic rites, a circumstance which clearly points to the fertilisation of the earth in spring rather than to the reduplication of natural objects by the wine cup.

In the process of natural development the worship of the nature-god Dionysus was transferred to that of the wine-god Bacchus, and the ceremonies of the two rituals became inextricably blended. Hence the legends of Pentheus and Lycurgus which relate to the latter came to be told of the former, and thus cannot be used with confidence in any attempt to trace the origin of the Greek Drama.

The primitive feast of Dionysus then appears to have been held in honour of the approach of Spring, whereat quaint exhibitions of mummers, who chanted solemn hymns or descended to exquisite fooling, were given deep down in a dell, while the spectators sat on the hill side. There can be no doubt that the original place of exhibition suggested the plan of the later theatre. Now the word *tragedy* means the *goat-song*, and of this curious name various origins are confidently given. Jebb says that it arose from the fact that a goat was sacrificed before the performance began, while Donaldson as positively maintains that the said animal was the prize of the early choral contest, so that in either case the primitive play was baptised with the blood of a goat, whether slain before or after the performance. Both these explanations have a fine conjectural flavour of their own, which is not wholly derived from sufficient evidence. Aristotle's account may not be quite self-consistent, but, as far as his leading goes, it seems more natural to assume that the members of the chorus were dressed in goat skins, to which fact the survival of this savoury costume in the later Satyric Drama also points. No doubt it is true that the goat

involuntarily supplied the skins used to contain wine, but it cannot be deduced from this fact that the primitive chorus was intended to represent a number of wine skins. On the contrary, the original dress of these early actors more probably connects them with mummers, who, robed in the skins of the animals that were valuable in the chase, made merry to celebrate the reviving force of nature when winter was over. The costumes, the dances, the antics were similar; hence it is not unreasonable to infer that the objects of worship were similar too.

In the course of time, as has been said, Dionysus the nature-deity became Bacchus the god of wine, and the ceremonies of the two worships, with the primitive *goat song*, became one. Doubtless the original Coryphæus or leader of the chorus, represented the god himself, while the chorus played the parts of his attendant band of Satyrs, and thus the name of Tragedy was applied to the whole performance. Beginning with ballads sung, or satirical speeches uttered by the Coryphæus, and with choruses chanted by his fellows with interludes of dancing, the early Greek drama had its rustic origin, and from this simple rural entertainment a double development took place. In Attica, in the year 536 B.C., as Horace, under the somewhat inaccurate English mask of the prosy Francis hath it—

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant actors in a cart,
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appeared,
And played and sang with lees of wine besmeared.
Then Æschylus a decent vizard used,
Built a low stage, the flowing robe diffused;
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.

The line of growth here indicated is correct in a general way, though the statement that a cart was first used for a

stage is probably inaccurate. If Æschylus may justly be called the *father* of Greek tragedy, Thespis may certainly lay claim to the title of its *grandfather*: carrying his troupe around the villages at the time of the festival, he apparently erected a light wooden stage, that his performers might be seen. He introduced the first actor, or *answerer* (ὑποκριτής), as the Greeks called him, because he answered the speeches of the Coryphæus, and so turned the original *solo* and chorus into a *dialogue* and chorus. His exhibitions would be given at the three great Dionysiac festivals in December, January and March. There is no surviving evidence of their especial character: but from the two lines of their development they must have taken now a serious, now a comic, turn, which led them finally into the finished form of tragedy and comedy.

Seizing upon these rude raw materials, which lay to his hand, Æschylus, with his Titanic genius, founded tragedy, or at least established it upon a sure basis. Drawing majestic themes from the sublime myths of his native country, from the songs of Homer and of the Cyclic Poets, he added a second actor to his company to aid in the unfolding of his plot, and by the use of resonant masks and thick-soled buskins he increased the height, and consequently the dignity, of the performers. At the same time he raised the height of the early wooden stage, so that the actors were set still higher above the orchestra, where the chorus sang and danced, while he connected the two by one or two sets of steps. Little by little the theatre, which had originally been nothing but a grassy slope, became changed into the amphitheatre, with its tiers of stone seats rising from the Senators' chairs which were nearest to the orchestra, its fixed stage and tiring-rooms, its primitive scene, rudely painted, and its various

mechanical contrivances. These last included the small raised platform, working on a swivel (*μηχανή*) on which a god was swung round, and thus made to appear from the sky, and the larger movable platform (*ἐκκύκλημα*), on which characters supposed to be upstairs were wheeled on to the fixed stage. The great theatre at Athens would hold at least thirty thousand people, and though they did not wear the modern Chinese pagodas on their heads, the women were forced to sit by themselves on the back seats, where "distance lent enchantment to the view," and difficulty to the ears. The original price of admission was three obols (about sixpence), though in later times the demagogues, to curry favour with the masses, caused all to be let in free. At this point it may be remarked that the female characters were played by men, suitably dressed, in elegant masks and appropriate trimmings. Sophocles, the most finished artist of the Greek tragedians, added a third actor to the drama, and so greatly increased the resources of the playwright. The ancient chorus, too, formed an integral part of the drama until the time of Euripides, who may have added a fourth actor, but who certainly used the chorus more as a source of musical interludes than as necessarily connected with the plots of his plays. The contests for the tragic wreath of bay took place at the "Greater Dionysia" in March, and after 418 B.C. at the "Lenæa" in January.

From the self-same parent with Tragedy, Comedy was born. Here, again, a difference of opinion exists as to the origin of the name. Jebb suggests village-song as its equivalent, while others would interpret the word as revel-song, and in all probability with greater correctness. But leaving etymologists to fight out their philological battles, opinion may make way for fact; and this much is certain, that Susarion, a Dorian of Megara, about the year

580 B.C., developed a sort of farce from the primitive nature-songs. This aboriginal play, if so it may be called, appears to have consisted of a dialogue, possibly impromptu, lashing public men and private individuals with great severity, while the chorus, more or less loosely connected with the dialogue, chimed in at appropriate moments with song, or danced grotesquely, to add point to the satire. A few years later Magnes, Crates, and Cratinus, the founders of the Old Comedy, reduced this antique medley to its final form. The chorus in comedy consisted usually of twenty-four performers, whereas in tragedy it numbered twelve or fifteen at the most. The Attic Comedy is divided into three periods—the Old, the Middle, and the New. Of the first of these Aristophanes was the greatest exponent, though his later plays made way for the second period. His comedies contain the bitterest political satire dressed in the most luxuriant creative fancy, till the reader knows not whether to laugh or marvel most. With him the chorus at first formed an integral part of the drama, though in his later plays it became more and more detached. Thus this great poet prepared the way for the Middle Comedy, with its more or less independent choric odes. Of this period of the Athenian drama Alexis and Antiphanes were the chief representatives, of whose numerous works, however, only a few scattered fragments have survived. The New Comedy had no chorus at all, and was little else than a Comedy of Manners, without any political satire: its chief poets were Philemon, Diphilus, and Menander, who are only represented to-day by fragments and the adaptations of Plautus and Terence, which, in a burlesqued form, still survive in our harlequinade.

After this brief but necessary survey it will be our next task to review Attic Tragedy at some length, that we may

learn its motive and appreciate its unrivalled power. In the first place, all Greek drama was exhibited by the State as a sacred duty; one or more of the Archons had to furnish the expenses of a chorus by what was called a *public service* (λειτουργία), while the King Archon chose one man from each of the ten tribes to judge between the competing tragedians. Thus the Greek drama was truly national, and had a great advantage over much of the modern trash, which is the joint production of private enterprise and public bad taste. Sometimes the rival poets competed in *trilogies*, the three plays of which, like the "Oresteia of Æschylus," were intimately connected with one another. Sometimes, too, a *satyric drama*, a kind of farce with a chorus of satyrs, was either added to the trilogy, or even formed the third play thereof; while frequently the competitors exhibited one play only. The costume of the tragic actors was stereotyped, being that which was worn at the Dionysiac processions, and consisted of a striped robe falling to the feet, with a considerable train trailing along the ground. In addition to this universal garment, they wore huge masks, so constructed as to swell the volume of the voice while they distinguished the characters one from another; furthermore, they were raised upon huge, thick-soled buskins, which would utterly prevent any acting such as is usually indulged in by our more gymnastic tragedians; while they declaimed their lines in a dolorous chant, somewhat like modern intoning. The stage was long but shallow, and the doors of entrance were three in number, the centre one of which was called the *royal door*, because the leading characters of the play generally used it as a means of entrance. The chorus had their doors below the stage, and, as has been said, one or more flights of stairs by which to mount on to the stage, as they do in the "Acharnians" of Aristophanes, when they

chase the peace-loving Dicaeopolis to kill him. The scenery was most rudimentary, without wings, and capable of being changed only by means of a curtain.

Æschylus, the sublimest though perhaps not the most perfect of the Athenian tragedians, was born near Eleusis in 525 B.C. He made his first appearance as a competitor in his twenty-fifth year. He was less exclusively Attic than Sophocles, having fought for Hellas at Marathon, of which he has left an imperishable memorial in the majestic patriotism of his "*Persæ*" (472 B.C.). But little is known of his life, though his death at Gela, in Sicily, is said to have come to pass in a striking and original manner. An eagle, soaring above him, and carrying a tortoise, mistook the hapless poet's bald head for a rock, dropped the beast thereon, and cracked the shell of the tragedian and the reptile at one and the same time. Truly the "father of tragedy" must have had a colossal skull to have attracted the notice of the bird of Zeus from so great a distance, and one of some degree of hardness to have produced so striking an effect upon the tortoise. He is recorded to have written seventy tragedies, to say nothing of many satyric dramas, during the forty years of his literary life. It has been said that he left Athens in dudgeon at his defeat by his younger rival, Sophocles. Of all his works, seven only survive in a complete form—the "*Oresteia*," including the "*Agamemnon*," the "*Choephoræ*," and the "*Eumenides*," the "*Prometheus Vincetus*," the "*Persæ*," the "*Supplices*," and the "*Septem contra Thebas*."

The philosophy which underlies all the tragedies of Æschylus is simple and sublime. Fully imbued with the Greek idea of Nemesis, or the vengeance of some mysterious power upon sins committed, or because of the serious offence of too great prosperity, he looked out upon the world and was deeply impressed with the apparent conflict

of moral principles in its government. He could perceive the good suffering and the wicked successful, and he sought for some final harmony to reconcile the seeming contradiction. To the shallower observer of his day this explanation would be found in the jealous spite of some offended deity. The sincere piety of Æschylus rejected such a solution; the bright gods of Olympus in his view were in constant conflict with the dark deities of Hades, but above all was a stern and grim Necessity overruling events human and divine, and ultimately bringing forth good out of evil. The "*Prometheus Vincetus*" (472—468 B.C.) affords a full and startling illustration of this doctrine of Necessity. Prometheus, the genial and kindly Titan, has created man for his own delight, set his creatures in "houses turned towards the sun," and found food and clothing to minister to their needs; but seeing they cannot stand the stress of the seasons without fire, he has stolen it from the chariot-wheels of Zeus, and brought it to earth, in the hollow tube of the fennel. He has broken the moral law by his theft, and Nemesis and Necessity combine to make him suffer in consequence.

At this point the tragedy opens, and on the back scene is represented rudely enough the lonely mountain peak of Caucasus, on which probably a huge lay-figure was stretched, through the mask of which the actor who played Prometheus would speak from behind the scene. From the centre door the smithyman, Hephæstus, enters with his tools, while from the right and left the grim agents of Necessity—Force and Violence—come in, whose ungrateful task it is to urge on the god of fire to ply his unwelcome work. So the philosophy of Æschylus appears at the outset. Necessity makes Prometheus suffer, just as Necessity will ultimately release him. Amid the breathless interest of the audience the chains are riveted

and a great wedge is driven right through the victim's breast, and the immortal Titan is left a type of suffering immortality. As soon as the hideous ministers of Zeus and Necessity are gone Prometheus takes up his impassioned tale of "unutterable woe":—

Oh, radiant air, and ye swift-wingèd winds,
Fountains of streams, and many-twinkling flow
Of ocean's surge, and earth the mother of all things,
These, and the sun's all-seeing orb I call !
Behold what pangs I suffer from the gods,
God though I be myself.
See with what torments fell
Writhing and crushed I shall endure
Time's generations weariful !
Such an intolerable bond
Hath the new tyrant of the gods,
Blessed as they are, devised for me.
Woe, woe is me ! For present and for future
Pangs I lament, and watching wait
Until an end of these hard toils
Shall dawn upon my sight !
Yet why do I babble ? All that comes to pass
From the beginning fully I foreknow ;
Nor shall a woe o'erwhelm me unforeseen.
My fated doom perforce I must endure
As easily as may be, since I know
The immovable might of grim Necessity !
But no, I cannot either break or keep
Silence upon my fate, since I am yoked
To pangs fore-doomed for bringing down to men
A noble prize. The hidden seed of fire
I stole and filled therewith the hollow reed,
Fire that has proved the instructor of all art,
An inexhaustible resource to man.
Behold the fearful ransom I must pay
For mine offence, high-writhing in the air
Fixed to these rocks with adamantine chains.

—"Prometheus Vincetus," 88—113.

The key to the philosophy of Æschylus is found in the words, "the immovable might of grim Necessity"; by this the Titan was fixed to the rocks, and by this should his bands be finally broken.

Hearing the melancholy moans of the tortured Titan, the sympathetic Chorus of the Sea-Nymphs hasten to him to give him what comfort they can. Entering by the orchestral doors on the right and left, they take up their places to sing, or speak, or march, or dance as the poet bade them. And very beautiful and touching are their words; but no words, however honeyed, can console one who knows the full measure of his fate, both in the length of his suffering and the moment of his release. From their earliest entrance the tender-hearted Sea-Nymphs remain witnesses of that woeful agony until the last awful catastrophe. The next person to come on the stage is the timid, time-serving Oceanus, riding on a strange beast, that is to say, wheeled on upon the movable platform (*ἐκκύκλημα*). Aged, cautious, and cowardly, he proves a veritable Job's comforter, and by his grovelling, though prudent, advice he provokes the sufferer to an impassioned denunciation of tyranny, which is ill-calculated to serve his turn. Æschylus lived too near the days of the despot Hippias to love his arbitrary method of government, and in this speech expresses his political principles with vigour which would provoke shouts of applause from his democratic audience. Scared by the wild words of the Titan, Oceanus hastily goes on his way, and with a fine ode descriptive of the horrors of the situation from the Chorus, the First Act closes. The next person of importance to come on to the stage is the beloved of Zeus, Io, the luckless daughter of Cadmus, turned into a cow, and tormented by the gad-fly from the not unreasonable jealousy of Hera, Queen of Heaven. The wail of the unhappy maiden is so realistic that the audience can almost hear the boom of her cruel tormentor and almost feel its sting. The kindly Titan tells her the long tale of her woes, and shows her how to win her ultimate release, and piteous are her

anguished interruptions as she alternately listens and weeps. Sorrowfully the way-worn damsel goes forth on her wanderings, and leaves Prometheus to a fine ode from the Chorus, full of wise advice and tender sympathy, and here the Second Act ends. At the opening of the Third Act, Prometheus, to console himself in his bitter agony, tells the Nymphs that he knows a secret, which, if left unrevealed, will work the ruin of Zeus. So loudly does he boast of the possession of this secret without revealing its mystery, that he is overheard in Olympus, and Hermes, the courier of the gods, is sent down to learn its meaning. But in spite of the tender pleadings of the Chorus and the blustering threats of the messenger, Prometheus persists in a haughty refusal to reveal his secret. Finally the messenger goes off unenlightened, and the threatened catastrophe falls on the rebel Titan, whose last words give a vivid description of his added torments.

And now in deed, no more in word,
The earth is shaken sore.
The booming roar that rends the ground
Loud bellows near, the forkèd fires
Of flashing lightning flare from heaven :
The whirlwinds toss the spinning dust,
The blasts of all the opposing winds
Bound into conflict breathing war :
The radiant air falls on a heap
Commingled with the darkling sea.
So great the horror hurled by Zeus
Writhes my weak frame to move my fears.
Oh, worshipful, dear Mother Earth,
Bright air that whirl'st the common light
On each and all, thou see'st my pangs,
That all unjustly I must bear.

—"Prometheus Vincetus," 1101-14.

And so the tragedy ends in a deeply moving scene of terror. It matters little whether it be one of an original trilogy, the first limb of which would be "Prometheus, the

Thief of Fire," and the crowning piece "Prometheus Unbound"; it is complete in itself, and quite sufficient to illustrate the manner of Æschylus in combining the elements of the grand and terrible with the all-pervading presence of an over-mastering Necessity. But his lightning-like language, who can reproduce in its deep-booming majesty? His verse rolls along with more than the sonorous solemnity of "Marlowe's mighty line"; his characters are no lay-figures, they have all much to do with the light and shade of the drama, and all add terror to the final catastrophe. His verse thunders like the deep-mouthed ocean, which booms against the rock with a mighty organ note; our own language contains nothing like it in the ever-increasing swell of its high sounding and solemn melody, nor can any translator convey the Titanic crash of the poet's rushing rhythm.

As the "Oresteia" is the only surviving specimen of the Greek trilogy, it cannot pass unnoticed here. The first tragedy is the poet's master-piece—the "Agamemnon"—which opens with a night scene upon the roof of the royal palace at Mycenæ. Here the watchman has been waiting for ten weary years for the beacon light, which is to tell of the taking of Troy. His eyes are dim with watching and his limbs laden with weariness, till at length he sees the cheerful blaze, and in gladness hastens down into the palace to tell the tidings of joy to the Queen. Next, the day has dawned, and the chorus of the twelve elders, who have been left by the absent King as a Council of State, come in, and as they march round the orchestra they chant the tale of Agamemnon's long absence and the song for his victory. But the dim shadow of dark destiny shrouds their souls, and they sing of the offering of Iphigenia to the maiden goddess Artemis when the armament of Hellas first set forth to Troy, while they breathe a

hope that no avenging Nemesis will fall upon the "King of Men" after his return. Clytemnestra, the adulterous Queen, who has been silent all this while, explains to the Chorus that the line of beacon fires extending between Troy and Hellas has signalled the fall of the Trojan city. With accomplished art she conceals from the Chorus (though not from the spectators) the hatred of her lord, which she has hidden in her heart since the sacrifice of her daughter, and which is not diminished by her guilty love of Ægisthus. Soon the toil-worn and conquering King, as great a contrast to his rival as was the murdered Hamlet to the worthless Claudius, enters with his Trojan paramour Cassandra. The Queen receives her lord with a feigned gladness, and next follows the subtilely-planned and fiendishly executed murder of the "King of Men" and the Trojan damsel. Having achieved her purpose and wreaked her revenge, Clytemnestra dissembles no longer, and the tragedy ends with a struggle for supremacy between her faction and the loyal Chorus.

The second play of the "Choephoræ," which takes its name from the Chorus of Trojan maidens, opens with the solemn offering by these of libations at the tomb of Agamemnon, in which sacred duty his daughter Electra takes her own sad part. In the midst of this votive offering, her brother Orestes (who had been banished to Troezen on account of his mother's fears) comes on to the stage, and warned by the Oracle of Apollo, sacrifices a lock of his hair to the shade of his father, and breathes a vow of vengeance. In a scene of much beauty and deep pathos, Electra recognises her brother, and the two concert a plan of revenge upon Ægisthus and Clytemnestra. Aided by his friend Pylades, Orestes kills the guilty Queen and her lover, but the moment his mother is slain he is tormented with bitter remorse; already the avenging Furies are upon

his track, and he rushes off to the Oracle at Delphi for protection. Here the third play, called the "Eumenides," from the euphemistic name of its Chorus of Furies, opens. The Priestess, to her horror, finds the sacred temple of Apollo profaned by the presence of the matricide and his unhallowed pursuers. Soon the Sun-god himself appears, and advises his suppliant to appeal to the ancient statue of Pallas at Athens and to the Court of Areopagus, where murder trials were usually heard in the earliest times of Athenian history. The play, and with it the trilogy, ends with a very striking scene in which the Furies accuse Orestes, while Apollo defends him before Pallas, the President of the Court; and the excitement of the spectators becomes almost breathless as one by one the elders go slowly up to the urn to drop in each his fateful pebble. When the votes are counted, the culprit acquitted, and the baffled Chorus of the Furies driven out, the highly-strung feelings of the spectators would doubtless give way to loud and rapturous shouts of gladness; for their overcharged sympathies would be relieved and the honour of their ancient Court vindicated.

This great trilogy was acted in the year 458 B.C., two years before the poet's death, and gained, as it deserved, the first prize. As in all his plays, the twin action of Nemesis and Necessity underlies the whole of the plot; by the force of Necessity Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter, and thus incurred the deathless hatred of Clytemnestra, his Queen. With the assistance of her paramour, Ægisthus, she in her turn became the instrument of Nemesis in contriving and achieving the murder of her husband; by the force of Necessity, and in fulfilment of Nemesis, her son Orestes slew her, and by Nemesis, in the terrible shape of the avenging Furies, were his flying footsteps dogged. At length the final force of Necessity,

which turns present evil into ultimate good, freed him from the fitting consequences of his sin. The grand moral purpose of the whole trilogy is to show that vengeance follows sin, whilst the mysterious power of Necessity so orders all things that good may be achieved. As a monument of literary genius, the "*Oresteia*" of *Æschylus* stands alone; the subtle, fierce, vindictive, yet not wholly unlovable character of *Clytemnestra* fixes the fancy. More subtle than *Lady Macbeth*, she knows no repentance for her crime; her only fear is that her son, *Orestes*, will fulfil the command of *Destiny*, and kill her. The scenes of these three plays lead up to one another with wonderful art, and the characterisation is keen and penetrating, while the end of all, in the acquittal of *Orestes*, is highly dramatic. *Æschylus* shows himself to be a master of the sublime and pathetic; his force is Titanic, though touched with tenderness, and the constant presence of a lofty moral purpose in all his work commands the unaffected reverence of such as are able to distinguish between true and false literature.

And now what remains to be said of *Sophocles*, the most perfect master alike of Attic Greek and Athenian Tragedy. Less sublime than *Æschylus*, less universal than *Euripides*, in his art he is superior to both. He is always self-restrained, and it is in his restraint as much as in the polished beauty of his verse that his supreme excellence consists. As *Æschylus* was the poet of *Hellas* as a whole, and *Euripides* the tragedian of the most modern tone of mind, *Sophocles* was essentially an Athenian in his finished grace and his subtle harmony. Born about 495 B.C., in all probability at that very *Colonus* near Athens which he has so beautifully celebrated in his "*Œdipus Coloneus*;" he was a man of tranquil temper and rare personal endowments. Though he wrote up-

wards of one hundred tragedies only seven survive—the “*Cedipus Rex*,” “*Cedipus Coloneus*,” “*Antigone*,” “*Electra*,” “*Ajax*,” “*Trachiniæ*” and “*Philoctetes*.” He gained the first prize no fewer than twenty times, and upon one of these occasions, in 440 B.C., when he triumphed with his “*Antigone*,” he was appointed one of the ten Generals whose task it was to reduce the revolted Samos. Only once in his long life did any serious trouble vex his serenity; his son Iophon, himself no mean tragedian, angered by what he deemed his father’s partiality for his children by a second wife, strove to prove the old man an imbecile, and thus to prevent him from administering his property. The defence of Sophocles was as gentle as it was convincing; he read to the Judges his exquisite chorus in praise of Colonus, which at that time had not long been written, and he was honourably acquitted.

To bright Colonus art thou come,
Stranger, the fairest resting-place
Of this fair land, for horses famed.
There the melodious nightingale
Loves most to carol, as she hides
Deep in the lush, green, woodland glades,
What time within dark ivy-bowers
She rests, or in the pathless grove
With all its twice ten thousand trees,
The sunless covert of the god,
When summer flaunts her radiant face,
Nor winter-storms can stir its calm;
Where sporting with his maids divine
The wine-god loves to wander wide.

Beneath the heaven-distilling dew
By day the fair narcissus blows
With all its clusters snowy-white,
Where shines the crocus golden-eyed,
To twine a customary wreath
For earth’s twin mighty goddess-queens
Demeter and Persephone.

Cephisus' fountains slumberless
 Here undiminished fill his stream,
 Where all day long with sparkling shower
 And increase-giving waves he flows
 By earth's rich, foison-crowned fields.
 Here choirs of music love to dance,
 And hither Aphrodite turns
 Her chariot with its golden reins.

—"Æd. Col." 668-693.

Even in a translation so halting these lines show little trace of imbecility. Their author died full of years, and after his death his fellow citizens honoured his memory with a yearly sacrifice.

The distinguishing mark of Sophocles as a tragedian is his power of depicting human emotions; there is the tender self-sacrificing love of Antigone, the bitter agony of remorseful Œdipus, the frenzied anger of Ajax, and the writhing torment of Philoctetes. All these play their parts in their respective tragedies, and afford wonderful examples of the irony of Sophocles. It is in this very irony, as it is called, that one of the poet's choicest gifts displays itself; he has the supreme art of letting the audience see at every stage of the action which of his characters is about to suffer from the relentless doom of fate, or from the halting vengeance of Nemesis, long before the sufferers are aware of their destiny. For example, Laius, the King of Thebes, is slain unwittingly by his son Œdipus, who was returning to the city of his birth, from which he had been banished, to avoid this very catastrophe. When the murderer arrives, the citizens of Thebes are harried by that fell monster the Sphinx, from whose baleful power he frees them by guessing her riddle. In their gratitude they give him to wife his own mother Jocasta, the widow of the slain King, by whom he has two sons. In consequence of this unwitting murder and incest the city is wasted by a fearful pestilence. Œdipus sends Creon

to the Oracle at Delphi to learn the cause and the remedy of this grievous affliction, quite unconscious of the awful fact that he is himself the innocent source of all their woe. So while his messenger is absent, and, indeed, for some time after his return, he binds himself under heavy penalties to satisfy the utmost demands of the offended god. Little by little light breaks in upon his mind, till the climax in the evidence is reached, when his wife-mother hangs herself. In his frenzy the noble-minded King curses his sons born in incest of the most revolting type, and rushes on to the stage with his eyes torn out by his own hands that he might never look upon them again. The irony of the poet is displayed in the consummate art with which he represents *Œdipus* as imprecating severe penalties upon the offender, whilst he is for long unconscious of the fact that he himself is the offender. By this means the tragic effect is immeasurably heightened, and the sympathies of the spectators, who quite understand the facts of the case, are drawn more closely to the high-souled hero, who knows not that he has sinned in so heinous a fashion.

If *Æschylus* may not unjustly be termed the Titan of tragedy, *Sophocles* may with equal justice be styled its god. His conception of beauty is so perfect and so chastened that every play of his is a work of supreme art. What *Raffaello* was to *Michael Angelo*, and what *Shakespeare* was to *Marlowe*, the younger was to the elder tragedian; he had a simple loving faith in the goodness of that Divine agency which governs the world, though he saw and recognised the moral contradictions caused by the misdeeds of men. He stands alone among his fellows as representing the spiritual side of the age of *Pericles* in Athens. His art, like that of *Phidias*, is perfect, and his perception of beauty was the same with that which shone

around him in temple and in statue. His moral philosophy was that of the more conservative of his contemporary statesmen, and his disposition was as sweet and lovable as that of our own Shakespeare. It is just because Sophocles is so characteristically Athenian in the range of his ideas that he wins less than his due appreciation from many modern readers, who are unable to project themselves back into a past period. To understand him at all we must breathe once more the atmosphere of that most wonderful epoch of the world's history known as the "Age of Pericles," with its inexhaustible creative power, its prudent statesmanship, its sensible conservatism, its intense patriotism, and its unqualified love of beauty. Of all these Sophocles is the spiritual representative, and in all alike he is lofty in word and in thought.

Euripides must not be omitted in any survey, however brief, of Greek Tragedy. Born at Athens in 480 B.C., he received a good education at the cost of his father, Mnesarchus, a fact which seems hardly consistent with the repeated scandal of his political opponent (Aristophanes) that his mother, Clito, was a seller of herbs. He died in 406 B.C., at the Court of Archelaus, King of Macedon, whither he had fled for safety, having written ninety-two dramas, and having gained the first prize no less than five times. Of these plays, seventeen survive entire, amongst which may be mentioned the "Ion," "Hippolytus," "Medea," "Alcestis," "Hecuba," "Iphigenia in Aulis," "Iphigenia in Tauris," and "Bacchæ." A disciple of Anaxagoras, and firmly convinced of the existence of a Divine intelligence presiding over all things, a thorough-going sceptic as to the popular gods, and a subtle dialectician, Euripides represents the newest school of Athenian thought and politics. He does use the crude old myths, so poetic, so inadequate, of

his nation, as indeed he needs must, but he treats them with a thinly-veiled contempt, and he makes the gods indulge in philosophic discussions, and that, too, not always with credit to themselves. Indeed, he is too fond of quibbling dialogues, which mar the repose of his finest conceptions. Furthermore, he represents the democratic policy of the demagogue Cleon, the tanner, which proved the ruin of Athens; and, as a natural consequence, he has been severely handled by a true-blue Tory like Aristophanes. But with all these defects, and with the additional weakness of cutting the knot of a tragic crisis by the intervention of a *deus ex machinâ*, he has many transcendent excellencies which endeared him to our own Milton. Nay, it is said that the Athenian captives, after the fatal expedition against Syracuse, escaped the horror of working in the quarries by the recitation of lines from "sad Electra's poet."

Less powerful in his versification than either Æschylus or Sophocles, he has, perhaps, a greater romantic creative power than either of them, as may be seen in that exquisite play the "Bacchæ." His pathos, if not so lofty, and if it be, as undoubtedly is the fact, more dependent upon stage properties (rags and similar things) than is quite consonant with the dignity of Attic Tragedy, is more human and moving than that of either of his older contemporaries. The tender love of Alcestis, who gives her life to save that of her selfish husband, Admetus, the wild sorrow of Hecuba, the deeply-moving description of the sacrifice both of Polyxena and Iphigenia, the exquisite pathos of the recognition of Ion by his mother Creusa, the remorseful grief of Theseus over the dead Hippolytus, slaughtered through his hasty curse, and the heart-rending passion of the rage of Medea, are so modern, and withal so affecting, that they mark the power of a great genius. Euripides

may, perhaps, be called melodramatic rather than exclusively tragic, and his pathos differs in kind from that of the elder tragedians. His opinion of women, too, is essentially Athenian in its contempt, though no poet has drawn nobler women than he. The poetic fancy so lavishly displayed in the "*Bacchæ*" is beyond the reach of any of the surviving Greek dramatists, save perhaps the comedian Aristophanes; and its fertility is so remarkable as to put to silence the most captious critic. The wealth of creative genius, the whirling lines of the chorus, and the wild extravagance of the Bacchanals are so vivid that words fail to describe them, and we linger in wonder and delight as we read.

Euripides represents the last stage in Attic Tragedy; with him the chorus becomes quite subordinate to the main plot of the piece, and sings its songs somewhat after the fashion of modern orchestral interludes between the acts. Though only these three tragedians have left whole plays to tell of their power, there was a host of playwrights who defeated them often in contest, and whose works, save in detached fragments, have sunk beneath the stream of time, and we must be grateful for the noble relics of a mighty past which remain. Other nations, such as India and China, have developed an early drama of their own, but the Greek drama stands alone in antiquity as a work of art. Noble in conception, and artistic in realisation, the words and thoughts of a past age rise into new life and beauty as we turn over the pages of these ancient tragedies. Once more we take our seats in the great Theatre of Athens under the clear blue sky, and live in the centuries that are gone. Alike in their acting-capacity, and in their finished beauty, the surviving works of Greek tragedy command our wondering admiration, and our only regret must be that so few have defied the destructive tooth of time.



VELASQUEZ IN MADRID.

BY C. E. TYRER.

THE greatest of Spanish painters is scarcely represented in the city which gave him birth. The Museo of Seville, so rich in Murillos, does not contain (a truly startling omission!) a solitary example of the greater Sevillano; nor in the churches or accessible private collections of that city are there to be found, so far as I am aware, any specimens of his handiwork which are at once authentic and important. It is the singular fortune of Velasquez—unique perhaps among the world's greatest painters—that he can be seen to full advantage only in a single building in a single city. Rome, it is true, possesses a superb Velasquez in the portrait of Pope Innocent X. in the gallery of the Palazzo Doria; and in several of the chief public collections of France, Germany, and Italy there are more or less valuable examples. Much of the work of the immortal Spaniard exists likewise in private collections in England;* while the examples in our own National Gallery (though their full importance and interest

* "Most people will be surprised to learn that there are nearly as many of these pictures (of Velasquez and Murillo) in London as in all Spain, and that almost one-half of the entire number of authentic works enumerated in this catalogue may be found in Great Britain," Curtis's "Catalogue of the Works of Velasquez and Murillo." London and New York. 1883. Mr. Curtis gives the total number of paintings by Velasquez in England as 110; those in Spain as 75, 69 of which are in Madrid.

is only realised after a visit to Madrid) are by no means contemptible. But still the fact remains that for an adequate appreciation of the greatest of Spanish painters, he must be sought and studied in the gallery of the Prado in Madrid, a collection indeed which, even apart from its unique interest as gathering together the finest canvases of Velasquez, would still rank as one of the chief collections in Europe—most of its treasures dating from the time of Spain's political greatness, when her potentates, such as the Emperor Charles and Philip II., could command the work of the greatest painters of their times. But Titian, Raphael, and Veronese can after all be seen as well or better elsewhere; while in the sixty and odd examples of the work of Velasquez in the Prado, we see both the height and the variety of his power displayed in the most complete fashion.* Other great painters are associated pre-eminently with a single city or a single district. Of Tintoret it may be said with confidence, and with somewhat less assurance of Giovanni Bellini, that they can be properly studied in Venice alone; Luini and Gaudenzio Ferrari are seen to the best advantage in Milan and the surrounding district; while those delightful masters of Brescia, Moretto and Romanino, must be sought for in the churches and galleries of that charming sub-Alpine town.† It was otherwise with Velasquez. He never worked in fresco, an art which had fallen into disuse before his time, and indeed had never flourished in Spain, and

Justi, "Velasquez und sein Jahrhundert," Vol. I., p. 12, gives as exceptions to the thoroughly complete representation of Velasquez in the Prado, the absence of examples of the *bodegones* and *genre* pictures of his early Sevillian period, of his portraits of Popes and Cardinals, and of most of those of Spanish ladies; while the solitary instance of his treatment of the female nude, the "Venus with the Mirror," is in private hands at Rokeby in Yorkshire.

† Cf. Pater, in his article on "Art in Northern Italy," republished in the volume of Posthumous Essays, for some very interesting critical remarks on these two Brescian painters.

he painted but very few altar-pieces. His chief activity, indeed his entire activity from the time of early manhood, was as a court painter, painter to the King of Spain, who assumed with his patronage of the artist the absolute control of his work ; and it thus happens that the majority of his most important works, having been destined for royal palaces and galleries, have now been transferred from their original domiciles to the National Museum.

The Museo of the Prado, the magnet which draws to Madrid the lover or student of art, and the first object to which he directs his steps on his arrival in that somewhat unattractive capital, is a building of no great external pretensions, in the neo-classical style, and situated by the side of the pleasant tree-shaded boulevard, called the Prado, or meadow, which encircles the city, and forms the principal drive, promenade, and lounging-place of the Madrileños. Entering the cool and silent galleries of the Museo from the busy streets and blinding glare without, one passes from the spectacle of real life in present-day Spain to a life which, as pictured on the canvases of Velasquez and Murillo, recalls, in many of its features, in spite of lapse of time and change of customs and costumes, that real life which still forms one of the chief entertainments of Spanish travel. The rooms are spacious, and, on the whole, not badly lighted—the Salon de la Reina Isabella, which contains many of the chief treasures of the collection, and is to the Prado what the Tribune is to the Uffizi and the Salon Carré to the Louvre, being particularly fortunate in the latter respect. On the whole, I think the pictures at the Prado are seen to excellent advantage, the pure and dry air of Madrid having much to do with their good state of preservation, and rendering unnecessary that protection by glass which is demanded by the disintegrating influences of our own damp climate,

and which impedes the view of the pictures in the National Gallery by such irritating reflexions and counter-reflexions. The chief criticism possible is that, for purposes of study, it would be better to have all the Velasquez' together in a single room, consecrated exclusively to the painter who forms the chief glory and interest of the Museo, instead of having them, as now, scattered through three large galleries in juxtaposition with the works of others. By the latter arrangement, the picturesque effect is unquestionably enhanced; the clear-cut outlines of the portraits and figures of the Spaniard, in their sober garb, touched but sparingly with bright colour, and seen against a background of silver-grey or of steel-blue sky, are set off admirably by the amazing vigour, brilliant flesh-tints, gorgeous colouring, and frank sensuality of Rubens, and by the incomparable grace and loveliness and the sunset splendours of Titian and the Venetians. But for the student the case is otherwise; he would prefer to have the long array of the works of Velasquez, ranging from his earliest to his latest period, placed together and, as far as possible, in chronological order, beginning with that early religious piece of his Andalusian period, the "Adoration of the Kings," and closing with those incomparable masterpieces of his perfected style and latest years, "Las Meninas" (the handmaidens), and "Las Hilanderas" (the spinners). What a priceless boon, by the way, it would be for the serious student of art if he could see all the works of some great master of painting in the originals, or, where those were unattainable, in the best possible reproductions, collected together in one spot—as has been done in regard to the works of one great modern sculptor in the Thorvaldsen Museum in Copenhagen!

It is in the qualities of technical excellence in composition, modelling, and the use of chiaroscuro, the

subtleties of tones and values, that Velasquez is thought pre-eminently to excel; in these qualities at least he is regarded as a creator, as having wrought out by mere force of genius a more perfect technique than any painter before him had displayed, or than has ever perhaps been exhibited since his time. But there is still another element of interest and pleasure in art; and if, as a master of technique, Velasquez appeals adequately only to the art critic who has also some practical experience of art, from this standpoint he appeals to a much wider circle. I refer to the importance and interest of art as illustrating the history and the social conditions, the manners and customs, of the age and the country to which the artist belonged.

It was at the court of Philip IV.—the fourth of the Spanish monarchs of the Austrian line, and the great-grandson of the Emperor Charles—that Velasquez spent the greater part of his life and of his activity. Born at Seville in 1599, he entered the service of the young king as *pintor de cámara* in 1623, in the second year of the latter's reign and the eighteenth of his age; and as court-painter he remained, receiving from time to time various other court appointments and emoluments, until death took him away somewhat prematurely from the service of his art and that of his royal master. It was to the portrayal of the features of this well-meaning and enlightened but irresolute and pleasure-loving monarch that his court-painter had to address himself with what must have seemed, even to his loyal nature, a wearisome assiduity. For thirty-seven years Velasquez was constantly reproducing, under varying conditions and accessories, a face which, in the words of Justi,* “maintained

* Justi, “Velasquez und sein Jahrhundert,” Vol. I, p. 197.

through all those long years "a strange and terrible uniformity." This royal countenance, which the art of Velasquez has made so familiar to us, was, indeed, rather a mask than a human face. As we see the king in the admirable bust in our National Gallery (No. 745), so he is to be seen in some fifty other portraits, nowhere, of course, so completely as at the Prado. Everywhere we have the same lack-lustre eye, the curiously elongated face, the haughty impassive air, the heavy under-jaw, the flaxen hair, and (above all, perhaps) the wonderful mustachios, whose rigidity the king is said to have preserved by encasing them at night in little scented leather holders. As one strolls through the galleries of the Prado, that strange unforgettable face looks down upon one from canvas after canvas. The king, still little more than a youth, stands at a table holding a petition; he appears with his dog and gun, accoutred for the chase; he rides a spirited horse, clad in armour and holding the bâton of a general on the battlefield; he shows himself in black court costume, with the stiff *golilla* or linen collar, of whose invention Philip was so proud;* he kneels at his devotions behind a richly-upholstered desk (his second queen similarly kneeling in a companion picture)—but everywhere the same haughty phlegmatic face, the same cold expressionless eyes, meet us and hold us. There can be but few personages in the whole of history whose outward features are better known to us than those of the fourth Philip of Spain; and probably most of those who look upon his face, as it has been handed down to posterity by the faithful unerring hand of his court painter, are well

* It is stated by Mme. d'Aulnoy, "Voyage en Espagne," Ed. 1874, p. 196, note (quoted by Curtis, p. 52) that the King was so pleased with the happy idea of the *golilla* that "he celebrated the invention by a feast, when the King and Court went in procession to the chapel of the Guardian Angel to render thanks to God for the blessing."

satisfied to be able to dispense with the honour of a more personal acquaintance. A singular fate indeed (we may say with Justi) for the great Velasquez to have been the Apelles of this *roi fainéant*, and to have painted for thirty-seven years that same unchanging mask!

The painter's position at court must have been in many ways a galling one to a man of his free and bold spirit. Not only had he constantly to paint the King, with his successive queens, the royal princes and princesses, and the high court functionaries, such as Olivares, but the court dwarfs and buffoons who contributed to the amusement of the King and his courtiers, according to the coarse taste of the times. These unfortunate beings "formed (says Emile Michel*) a kind of menagerie; they were treated like room-dogs, living for the most part with the latter, and in order to give the measure of their size the painters were fond of representing them by the side of those animals." The portraits by Velasquez of several of these unfortunate beings are to be seen at the Prado—painted by him, one must suppose, by the expressed wish of Philip—the creations of royal caprice! The hideous costumes which court etiquette imposed upon the queen and the princesses—and which are to be seen in all their frightfulness at the Prado—placed Velasquez in an unfortunate position in comparison with other great painters, especially the Venetians and other Italians. This is emphasised by M. Michel in one of the very interesting papers on Velasquez already quoted.† After speaking of the magnificent freedom accorded to Titian and the other Italians in painting the female figure, so as to present it to the most superb advantage, M. Michel goes on to speak of the restrictions imposed by the prudery of the manners of the

* *Revue des deux Mondes*, Aug. 15, 1894, p. 862.

† *Ibid*, Aug. 15, 1894, p. 868 et seq.

Court, in which we see a survival of the Oriental customs introduced into Spain during the long Moorish dominion, by which Velasquez was compelled to paint his queens, infantas, and high court ladies in the most hideous disguises. The immense hoops, called *guarda infantas*, which surrounded the princesses of the blood royal, that they might not be approached, are faithfully represented on his canvases, as well as their elaborate and very unlovely head-dresses. M. Michel tells an amusing story *à propos* of this rigid court etiquette. When the little Austrian princess, the Archduchess Mariana, the second queen of Philip IV., was making her progress through Spain to meet her royal bridegroom, the representatives of one of the cities through which she passed, wishing to present her with some of the chief products of the local industry, included among their offerings some pairs of silk stockings. The major domo, on seeing this, flung them back with indignation in the face of the ill-advised donor, using these words: "You ought to have known that the queens of Spain have no legs." Whereupon the poor little princess began to weep, thinking, in her simplicity, that when she reached Madrid they would proceed to amputate her feet.*

Every painter perhaps is seen to the best advantage in the region where he lived and worked. The people, the towns, the landscape, the climate, the sky and sea (if sea there should be), all supply living comments and illustra-

* A curious comment on this rigidity and formality of Court manners is supplied by the fact that Philip IV. was reputed to be the father of some 32 illegitimate children (of whom he acknowledged a certain number), in addition to 12 legitimate ones borne to him by his two Queens. *Vide* Curtis, "Catalogue of Works of Velasquez and Murillo," pp. 42, 43. Another singular fact is that while the painting of the nude was rendered almost impossible in Spain by severe penalties imposed by the Inquisition upon the author of an immodest picture, that gloomy bigot Philip II. gave commissions to Titian for some pictures of a very free character, and the only instance in which Velasquez attempted the female nude was probably at the express wish of Philip IV.

tions of the artist's work. How true is that of Venice! And so it is in Spain, as M. Michel truly says, that Velasquez ought to be seen, "not only because at the Museo of the Prado we find so complete a collection of his works, but because the country and the race which he has so faithfully represented allow a more perfect comprehension of all his excellences, and produce a more vivid sense of them than is possible elsewhere." We see his men—kings, princes of the blood, generals, statesmen, ecclesiastics, common people—in the very garb and the very gait in which they appeared to the artist; just so, and no otherwise did they look and move. And the same types are still to be seen in Spain. In the wine-shops of Madrid we may still find such jovial peasants as those whose mirth the painter has immortalised in "*Los Borrachos*" (the revellers) no less than in other circles we might meet with the counterparts of his haughty hidalgoes and grandees. Velasquez did not often attempt subjects on a large scale and with a great number of figures; his field is eminently that of the portraitist; but in one picture, "*The Surrender of Breda*," he deals with an episode of contemporary history, and has commemorated the one memorable feat of arms which distinguished the inglorious reign of his royal master. It is a notable piece of historical painting—historical in the true and only valuable sense of dealing with contemporary life and history. The high-bred courtesy of the Spanish general, Spinola, as he accepts the keys of the city from the Dutchman, Justin of Nassau, the staff officers of the opposed armies on either hand, the lances which rise up in serried ranks against the sky on the side of the post of Spain, and have given an alternative name to the picture, and the marvellous landscape background unite to produce an indelible impression. It is, perhaps, the grandest purely historical picture in the world.

I have called Velasquez the greatest of Spanish painters; let me add that he appears to be the only one to whom the epithet "great" is strictly appropriate. Murillo seems to come a little short of true greatness, and it will hardly do to attempt to found his claim for a position in art not inferior to that of Velasquez, either on the loftier class of subjects which the former treated, his greater general popularity, or the higher prices hitherto obtained for his pictures.* Velasquez was of noble, or at least gentle, birth; Murillo came of a humble stock; and this initial difference, which, by the way, comes out very strikingly from the comparison of their portraits or of the two bronze statues in their native city, seems to have maintained itself in the character of their work. Murillo may well be called a *bourgeois*, Velasquez an aristocrat, of art. The work of Murillo lacks, in general, both style and dignity, while, like all the painters of Spain—even Velasquez himself—he is deficient in the sense of beauty, or at least in the impulse to embody it in his creations. Though he constantly painted sacred subjects, his pencil being much in request to adorn the cloisters and churches of his native Seville and other cities, and sometimes with very considerable charms of colour and composition, his real *forte* lay perhaps in depicting scenes of humble life; and I may venture to say that though I have seen the greater portion of his work, both in Spain and elsewhere, hardly anything pleases me more than the "Flower Girl" in our own Dulwich Gallery. His Madonnas, though often comely, are rarely distinguished by any refined or lofty beauty; and sometimes, as in the famous Madonna del Pajarito at the Prado, the entire treatment of the sacred subject approaches that of some Dutch or Flemish master.

* Curtis, "Catalogue of the Works of Velasquez and Murillo," Introduction, xxii.

Most famous of all perhaps are his Immaculate Conceptions* (no less than 33 being catalogued and described by Curtis as genuine), and yet he seems hardly ever to have attained to a really lofty conception of the Queen of Heaven, though her accessories—her throne of clouds, the crescent moon beneath her feet, and the lovely boy angels, bearing the symbols of the Immaculáda, who attend as her escort and ministers—have often a charm which is wanting to the main figure. Indeed, with Murillo, the main figure, or figures, who ought to attract the chief attention and interest, and constitute the especial charm of the picture, are comparatively weak and unsatisfactory.

If Murillo hardly achieved true greatness, much less can that be asserted of Alonso Catto, Zurbaran, Ribera, Hérreara, Sanchez Coello, and other Spaniards, whose works can be seen in the Prado in close neighbourhood with those of Velasquez and Murillo. Spanish painting, in spite of the extraordinary admiration which it excites in some quarters, is on the whole disappointing when seen and studied in Spain itself. Spain, it is to be remembered, is much less the land of art and beauty than Italy. It is a highly singular, romantic, and fascinating country—

* The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, always a favourite in Spain, received a great impulse from the popular indignation caused by the sermon of a Dominican friar on the Feast of the Birth of Mary, Sept. 8, 1613, in which he defended the opinion of his order against that doctrine. (Justi, Vol. I., p. 142.) To the great revival of veneration for the Immaculáda which resulted, we doubtless owe the long list of Conceptions which Murillo was commissioned to paint for the altars of churches and convents. These Immaculate Conceptions, so frequent in Spain, are in reality symbolical presentations of the Immaculately Conceived in glory as Queen of Heaven, and were intended as visible embodiments of a popular doctrine, and as incentives to the worship of Mary. The most famous of those by Murillo is, perhaps, the one now in the Louvre, bought by the French government at the Soult sale in 1852 for 586,000 fcs., the highest price, it is said, ever paid for a single picture. It appears to be sometimes difficult to distinguish accurately a Conception from a presentation of a somewhat kindred subject, often treated by the Italian masters—"The Assumption of the Virgin;" and perhaps I may be permitted to suggest that the picture by Juan de Valdés Leal, in the National Gallery, catalogued as an Assumption, seems rather to have the characteristics of a Conception.

"the sole representative (says Buckle*) now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages"; but the stern features of its landscape, the rigours and excesses of the climate over a large part of its surface, the masculine, phlegmatic character of its people, and the rigid orthodoxy of their creed (inherited from long centuries of struggle with the infidels, and enforced by the vast power and influence of the clergy), all impeded the free development of art in all its forms. The predominant feature and characteristic of Spanish painting is realism, sometimes in its crudest and most repulsive form, applied to devotional subjects. There were, it has been said, only two patrons of art in Spain—the Church and the Court; and the demands of the former were naturally much larger than those of the latter, and called forth the far greater part of the activity of the majority of the painters and other artists. To bring down abstruse and spiritual truths to the comprehension of the lowest and most ignorant—to materialise religion, as it were—was the object to which the greater number of Spanish painters addressed themselves. Neither beauty of form nor loveliness of hue was in general sought for by the artist or demanded by his public; and when, as often happened, the former chose subjects from the terrible legends of martyrology, a brutal realism was directly in keeping with the aim sought after—a vivid realisation of the unnatural horrors of the scene. The pure light and soft radiance, the delight in brightness of colour for its own sake, which distinguishes the religious art of Italy, is hardly to be seen in Spain; all is dull, gloomy, forbidding. Even Murillo, who forms somewhat of an exception, employs bright colour but sparingly. The only instance I remember of a painter who seems to have delighted in bright colour for its own sake is Juan de

* "History of Civilisation in England," Vol. II., p. 154.

Juanés, of Valencia, a follower of Raphael, but clumsy composition and wooden-like figures rob his pictures of almost all pleasure-giving power. The prevalent dulness of colour is, indeed, one of the first things which strikes the eye in any large collection of Spanish pictures; and any one who has studied Spanish art in the churches and galleries of Spain will hardly resist the conclusion that bright, pure colour had little attraction for the Spaniard.

But to return from this digression on Spanish painting to the painter whose works, both in character and in excellence, formed such a striking contrast with those of the majority of his nation. I say a striking contrast, and yet, in spite of these points of divergence, there was, in truth, among them all no more genuine Spaniard than he. When Velasquez began to paint the rich after-glow of the Italian renaissance had already faded away—Tintoret, the last of the giants of Venetian art, dying some ten years before his birth. Italian art had, indeed, reached the stage of its decadence; the eclectic and naturalist schools were the dominant factors, and shared between them most of that artistic ability which has never been wanting in Italy. The true peers of Velasquez must, indeed, not be sought for at all among the Italians, but among the contemporary masters of Flanders and the Low Countries—Vandyck, Rembrandt, and, in a measure (in spite of great divergencies of style), also, Rubens. It was not a case of mutual influence, for the attempt to prove that the style of Velasquez was distinctly influenced by Rubens, when the latter visited Madrid in 1628, seems to have altogether failed,* but of the simultaneous rise and efflorescence of a certain kind of art in widely distant

* Cf. Justi, Vol. I., p. 246 *et seq.* The detachment of Velasquez, and the resolute way in which he followed his own path untouched by external influences are among his most striking qualities.

countries. Velasquez is, perhaps, the prince of realists, and, as such, but carried out to fulness and perfection the principles which had always dominated the painters of his nation; only, when we apply the word to Velasquez, it must be understood that the realism of Velasquez is a widely different thing from much that now-a-days usurps that title. The art of Velasquez has little or no affinity with much modern French art called realistic, or with its literary counterpart in the works of Zola and Maupassant. Though nature was his teacher and his model, and in all his works he may be said to have copied her with a fidelity and a sincerity shared by few, and though, by the fact of his official position, he was often compelled to deal with unattractive or even repulsive subjects, there is hardly to be found anywhere in his works a touch of vulgarity or coarseness. No painter, probably, has ever produced so great an effect with so small an apparent expenditure of means. It is as though the picture which was produced by the organ of vision and passed thence to the brain, had been immediately transferred from that brain to the canvas without any necessity for controlling the work of the hand. Of the "*ars celare artem*" there is no more striking instance. It was said by Raphael Mengs of one of the pictures in Madrid, "*Los Hilanderas*" (the spinners), that it seemed to have been painted by the will alone. And Ruskin, after telling us that all Velasquez does is absolutely right, quotes the judgment of Reynolds—"What we are all attempting to do with great labour Velasquez does at once.* A celebrated picture in the Prado, one of two or three which are variously estimated as marking the culmination of the art of Velasquez, is surely one of the most singular triumphs in the

* "*The Two Paths*," pp. 82-3.

whole history of art. One day, it appears, the King and Queen were sitting to Velasquez, and, to beguile the tedium, they had the little Infanta Margarita with her handmaidens (*Las Meninas*) brought into the painter's studio. Struck with the scene before them, they requested the painter to record it on canvas: and the picture we now see represents the living picture which was present to the eyes of the King and Queen as they sat to their court painter. The scene is the painter's studio: to the left stands Velasquez at his easel (the only absolutely authentic portrait of him we possess*), busy with his royal subjects, whose features are reflected in a mirror hung against a wall at the back of a room. The entire foreground is occupied by the group of the little princess, who is arrayed in a "*guarda-infantas*," and has quite the air of a budding queen, and of her two handmaidens, little ladies of noble birth, who are trying to amuse her, one of them offering, on bended knee, a cup to drink from, and who have given to the picture its usual title of "*Las Meninas*." Two of the court dwarfs, with a dog stretched at full length in front of them, and a gentleman and lady of the court, appear to the extreme right; and in the rear is an open door, and the figure of another court personage strongly outlined against the brilliance streaming in from without, and contrasting with the grey light of the studio. Bright colour is very sparingly used—just a touch of red or plum-colour in a dress or bit of ribbon: the scene cannot be called beautiful or impressive, yet so admirably has Velasquez rendered the life of it, painting the very air

* Of the red cross of the order of Santiago, which appears on the breast of the painter's black court dress, the story is told that it was painted there by the King's own hand after the death of his favourite painter. The probability is, however, that the King only indicated its position by drawing a line or two. Velasquez received the full investiture of the order only a year before his death, and several years after the date of the "*Meninas*."

which envelops his figures, that we are held and fascinated. To make such a masterpiece out of nothing—to produce an incomparable work of art from a most trivial scene by composition and the management of light and shade, making even the great bare spaces of the room, which form a setting and a canopy to the whole, subserve the total effect, is a genuine triumph. To Sir Thomas Lawrence this picture displayed “the true philosophy of art.”* In another respect, as already suggested, Velasquez resembles his fellow-Spaniards—in his very sparing use of bright colour. But as that realism in which he shows himself a true Spaniard under his brush becomes almost poetry, so does colour attain to high decorative value. Against the sober russets and browns in which he delights, against his silver-grey interiors or the pale blue of his skies, a touch of brilliant colour in scarf or ribbon produces an effect as unexpected as it is delightful. Who that has looked upon the wonderful portrait at the Prado of the young prince Baltazar on horseback—a child, and yet with the air of a born ruler—and has been led to consider whether the horse or his rider† is the more admirable piece of painting, will forget the magical effect of colour produced by the crimson‡ scarf fringed with gold and fluttering in the wind against the blue sky. And in the far distance is the long, blue, snow-capped line of the Sierra Guadarrama, so familiar a scene to the permanent or temporary dweller in Madrid. But of Velasquez’ skill as a landscapist I have no space to speak.

* Quoted by Justi, Vol. II., p. 319.

† Velasquez has, perhaps, never been equalled as a painter of horses; the knowledge of them he displays, and the life he throws into his pictures of them, are alike wonderful.

‡ This and related hues seem to have had a special attraction for Velasquez. Crimson, passing from brighter and deeper hues into the colour of the ripe plum, is frequently seen in his pictures in tables, chairs, scarves, ribbons, etc. In a painter prodigal of colour it would hardly be noticed.

Perhaps the world has never seen an artist with a more magnificent technical endowment than Velasquez; but was he therefore, as some would have us believe, not only the prince of realists, but the prince of painters? That is a question which will receive very different answers, according to the different views we take of art. Velasquez had, I think, little or no imagination in the proper sense; and when, as occasionally happened, he handled sacred or mythological subjects, he treated them almost invariably from the point of view of the pure realist. Such a picture as "The Forge of Vulcan," painted at Rome in 1629 and now in the Prado, is a good instance of this. Velasquez had often seen the half-naked workmen in the smithies of Andalusia: he had a perfect knowledge of their figures and muscles, and a perfect power of rendering them, with the very light which played upon them and the air in which they moved. But he had never seen Apollo, whom he represents as coming to warn Vulcan of the infidelity of his sister Venus, nor did such imagination as he possessed enable him to realise the bright god of art and song. It is not by wrapping a youthful model in a sulphur-coloured robe, and surrounding his head with a laurel wreath and a nimbus of rays, that the resplendent beauty of the sun-god can be brought home to our eyes and our hearts. Of the few religious pictures by Velasquez, the early "Adoration of the Kings" in Madrid shows perhaps even less imagination than the contemporary "Adoration of the Shepherds" in London; nor is the "Coronation of the Virgin," which belongs to the artist's latest period, though it has distinct beauties of its own, much superior from the standpoint of religious imagination and devotional feeling. The "Christ at the Column" in London is certainly very successful in expressing the pathos of physical anguish; but only in the "Christ on the Cross"

in the Prado (a simple figure on the cross against a black ground), painted at the king's command for a Benedictine convent, have we perhaps an entirely worthy treatment of a sacred subject, though both from crucifixes and from pictured representations in churches and elsewhere, Velasquez must have had an infinity of models before his eyes. Can, then, work which, though so perfect in its kind, is so limited in the field it covers, and which, though with a certain beauty of its own, is not largely or commandingly beautiful, entitle Velasquez to a position equal or superior to that of the great imaginative masters of Italy—Raphael, Titian, Leonardo? Personally, I think—I cannot but think—that Velasquez, in spite of his genuine greatness, must be content with a lower place. Titian, in particular, with his splendid fertility of imagination and radiant magnificence of colour, who combined the power of expressing the most refined and ethereal beauty with the closest hold on reality, and who in his portraits painted not alone the features, but the very life and soul, no less perfectly than Velasquez, must be accorded a loftier throne. “Tizian è quel che porta la bandiera” (Titian is he who carries the standard), is reported as the judgment of Velasquez,* who much preferred the great Venetians to Raphael, and who, when in Italy, spent much of his time in studying and copying them; and it is at least a possible position, to which Mr. Ruskin would I think adhere, that Titian is the greatest name in the art of the modern world. And not far beneath him are Tintoret, Veronese, Giorgione. In the salon of the Prado, not far from a famous early mythological picture by Velasquez, representing a Spanish Bacchus crowning his devotees (*Los Borrachos*), a marvel-

* In some verses by a Venetian, named Boschini, recording a conversation alleged to have taken place on art between Velasquez and Salvator Rosa. A translation is quoted by Ruskin—“*The Two Paths*,” p. 83.

lous realisation of a scene of sudden joviality (is there such a laugh anywhere in art as that on the face of one of the peasants who faces the spectators?), there hangs a noble piece of Venetian painting, of Venetian art in its perfect and adorable prime. It is one of those Madonnas in which the great Italians combined the imaginative presentation of the facts of the Christian story with the simple charm of humanity and home-life. The child leans from the lap of its mother to take some flowers from a wicker basket held by St. Bridget, while another saint, supposed to be her husband, stands by her side—a simple subject truly, but presented with what an incomparable charm of form, sentiment, and colour! Long attributed to Giorgione, it seems now to be definitely assigned to Titian. Perhaps the ascription is not absolutely final—at least one may still be permitted to associate it with that great contemporary of Titian's youth, and to some extent perhaps his teacher, who painted the lovely Madonna and Child, perhaps the loveliest picture in all Italy, which is still to be seen in the church of his native Castelfranco; while it seems quite possible that it may be the work neither of Titian nor Giorgione, but of the elder Palma. The picture is beyond all criticism and all praise; one can but look and love. It is better than "Los Borrachos."

But it is, after all, ungrateful and, perhaps, foolish to attempt to establish comparisons and grades of excellence between such different kinds of mastery as those possessed by the great Venetian painters and by Velasquez. It will for ever remain a marvel that, in spite of the limitations under which the Spaniard worked, and the frequently unattractive subjects with which he had to deal, he should have produced masterpieces so consummate in their kind that it is possible to give him an equal rank with the great Italians who worked under conditions so much happier,

and were gifted with such a splendid variety of power. His work has a *cachet* of its own, which never fails to attract, notwithstanding the nature of his subjects. Writing in Dresden, I cannot but recall the portrait in the gallery here of Juan Mateos, the Royal Huntsman,* a man with a pale, cold, haughty, bilious face, dressed entirely in black, with a background of neutral grey—a work entirely devoid of obvious charm, and yet on which one is never wearied of gazing. And the result of a further visit to the Prado, should it ever be one's happiness to make one, will hardly be other than to deepen one's admiration for a painter who, in his own line, attained to such a perfect mastery in the practice of his difficult art, and whose pictures form such admirable illustrations of Spanish history and of Spanish life—the painter of the truth—*el pintor de la verdad*.†

* No. 697, in the present catalogue. Justi (Vol. I., p. 395), who seems to have been the first to identify the portrait as that of Mateos, considers the identification to be not absolutely certain. Mateos is thought to form one of the group which includes the King and Olivares (to the spectator's left) in the large "Boar Hunt" by Velasquez in the National Gallery.

† Inscription on the monument in Seville, erected a few years ago.





THE DRAMATIC DISSENSIONS OF JONSON,
MARSTON, AND DEKKER.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

PART II.

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

IN this Jonson places in the mouth of Clove—who is intended for Marston—a fustian burlesque speech, which embodied all the monstrosly absurd terms and epithets paraded in “*Histrion Mastix*.” It runs thus :—

Now, Sir,—Whereas the ingenuity of the time and the soul’s synderisis are but embrions in Nature, added to the paunch of Esquiline and the intervallum of the Zodiac, besides the ecliptic line being optic, and not mental, &c., as you may read in Plato’s *Histriomastix*, etc. (Act III., sc. 1.)

burlesquing the phrases Zodiac, tropic, hieroglyphic, mathematic, ecliptic line, primum mobile, paunch of Esquiline, etc., employed by Chrisoganus in “*Histrion Mastix*.” Marston, who had been entered as the new poet by Henslowe, modestly alludes to himself, in the course of the play, as a “translating scholar,” who can make

A stabbing satire, or an epigram,
And think you carry just Ramnusia’s whip
To lash the patient. (Act II., l. 64.)

And who further vents himself in the precise words of the "Scourge of Villainy," (Act III., l. 197, *et seq.*), proving identity of authorship—

O Age, when every scrivener's boy shall dip
Profaning quills into Thessalie's spring ;
When every artist prentice that hath read
The pleasant paintry of concepts* shall dare
To write as confident as Hercules ;
When every ballad-monger boldly writes,
And windy froth of bottled ale doth fill
Their purest organs of invention.
Yet all applauded, and puff'd up with pride,
Swell in conceit, and load the stage with stuff
Raked from the rotten embers of stale jests,
Which basest lines best please the vulgar sense,
Make truest rapture lose preheminance.

In his two next plays, "Cynthia's Revels" and "The Poetaster," Jonson, who was endowed with infinite resources of dislike, pilloried Dekker and Marston as Hedon and Anaides, and Fannius and Crispinus respectively,† presenting himself as a species of chorus, a faultless monster—one Crites—in the former, and in the latter as Horatius Flaccus, the world-renowned Roman Poet. In each case Ben claimed to speak as these elevated and sublimated persons so presented. In this respect his genius for self-admiration and self-adulation was not less obtrusive than his capacity for caricature. He was for ever erecting shrines and altars to his own personality in his plays, at which he uniformly fell down and worshipped, as at miniature Calvaries. So he appears as Crites, Horace, Aruntius, and Asper—all gentlemen of the most cultivated taste and faultless judgment, noble and just

* Painter's Palace of Pleasure.

† It says something for the qualifications of editors, that Whalley and Cunningham, two of Ben's critics and editors, mistake Crispinus for Dekker, and Fannius for Marston, in spite of the overwhelming evidence adducible to the contrary, from Ben's works, and the description of their habits and attributes in the plays.

withal, and singularly unlike the poet himself, beside being more or less artificial and unreal.

Curiously, behind this modest self-glorification and advertisement, there always appeared the true Jonson in the garb of one of his pseudo friends and detractors, whom he wished to crucify. His Nemesis was to attribute his own vices to his enemies, a not uncommon form of delusion. Thus the real Jonson intruded as Bobadil, Pantilius Tucce, and Carlo Buffone. These epitomised Ben's vain-glorious insolence and braggart nature, and were recognised as the real man concealed behind his idols.

An illustration that occurs to me will better explain what I mean. Daudet, in his last novel, "*La Petite Paroisse*," remarks that a too corpulent hero of his, always insisted on making his ideals as stout as himself. He says: "That law of subjectiveness by reason of which my fat tailor persists in furnishing his customers with bulging waistcoats, induced him thus to supplement the graceful form of Prince Charlexis"—in other words, that the law of subjectiveness in domineering, self-absorbed natures constantly asserts itself. This was Jonson's precise case. He always assigned his worst features of malignity and envy to his rivals; he appropriated for himself their virtues. Thus his foes, his zanies, his gulls, his poet apes, looked at attentively, become, stereoscopically, Jonson. Dekker hit this at once. "Pantilius Tucce" was Ben. Like Bottom, he had the same roar. Jonson, so far as he is allowed to be human, resembles Marston. Envious beyond measure, he was always discovering this viperous taint of jealousy in all the rest of mankind. Custodian of a social pillory, he, unconscious, high aloft, was to be seen, in some conspicuous subject of his satire, standing exposed as an object for the contempt, rather than the commiseration, of honest men.

Thus, himself a violent railer, greatly given to the pleasures of the table, capable, as Drummond indicated in his epitome of his merits, of "sacrificing any friend for a jest," these are precisely the most prominent characteristics he assigns to his protagonist—Carlo Buffone. The poet himself figures as Asper, a most valiant Roman. Here is the modest portrayal by Jonson, of Jonson's character, as seen by himself, and expressed in Asper:—

He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager, and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.*

This is the author's description of the virtuous Asper. Here is his own detail of his prominent excellences—courage, honesty, and independence:—

I fear no mood stamped in a private row
When I'm pleased t' unmask a public vice;
I fear no strumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries. (Introduction.)

We see here the modern Cato—the true castigator of evil and ill morals; and it was only to be regretted that by "public vices" he only meant all his personal friends' private infirmities. With Marston and Dekker, who are caricatured as "Clove and Orange" respectively, he is much less tender.

Having described them as "an inseparable pair of coxcombs, city born, the gemini or twins of foppery," he says, among other things—"Their glory is to invite players and make suppers, and, in company of better rank, to avoid the suspicion of infirmity, will enforce their ignorance most desperately, Orange being the most humorous of the two."

In Act III., however, is the answer to "Pasquil and Katherine." The retort upon that audacious and imper-

* And see his description of himself as Crites, *post*.

tinient satire and slander, which suggested he was a bombast wit, puffed up with arrogant conceit,* and as Clove and Orange we have this dialogue†:—

CLOVE [Marston]. Monsieur Orange, yon gallants observe us. [*They are walking in Paul's, the high change of fashionable resort of the day.*] Prithee, let's talk fustian a little, and gull them; make them believe we are great scholars.

ORANGE [Dekker]. O Lord, sir.

MARSTON. Nay, prithee, let us. Believe me, you have an excellent habit in discourse.

DEKKER. It pleases you to say so, sir.

MARSTON. By this church you have, la; nay, come, begin. Aristotle in his *dæmonologia* approves Scaliger for the best navigator in his time, and in his *hypercritics* he reports him to be *Heautontimorumenos*—you understand the Greek, sir?

DEKKER. O, good sir.

MARSTON. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity of the time, and the soul's *synderesis* are but embryos in nature added to the paunch of Esquiline, and the intervallum of the Zodiac, besides the ecliptic line being optic and not mental, etc.

This, it must be confessed, is neither brilliantly bitter nor savagely severe. It ridicules Marston especially as a pretender, and Dekker in a humbler position as his admirer and satellite, if not parasite, willing to laugh at Marston's wit, "with a most plausible and extemporal grace," and Marston as "a more spiced youth," who "would sit for a whole afternoon in a bookseller's shop reading the Greek, Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either."[‡]

* Dear Brabant, I do hate these bombast wits,
That are puffed up with arrogant conceit
Of their own worth, as if Omnipotence
Had hoisted them to such unequalled height
That they survey our spirits with an eye
Only create to censure from above,
When good souls they do nothing but reprove.

—"Pasquill and Katherine," lines 318 to 322.

† Jonson knew neither French nor Italian, Marston claimed to know both, and also to be an accomplished Grecian.

‡ See also "Return from Parnassus," the sneer at Marston's assumption of learning. As Amoretto, Act III., Sc. 3, and Sc. 4, at Jonson as Furor.

There are some further phrases caricatured, culled from "The Scourge of Villainy," "Histrio Mastix," and "Pasquil," worth noting. "The ventosity of the tropics, according to the Metaphysics, Plato's Histrio Mastix, hypothesis or galaxia, concomity," &c. These were, with other new-minted terms, gathered from Marston's plays and satires already enumerated, and probably also from his conversation, but were sufficient for the intended satire, and as proof of Jonson's prowess as a great dictator. We shall find anon, in "Cynthia's Revels" and "The Poetaster," how the breach widened, and how much more venomous and deadly the wordy war became, after Dekker had plucked up courage to reply to these repeated attacks in his "Satiromastix." In "Cynthia's Revels" Dekker was lightly handled, for Jonson and he (Dekker), in spite of the former's expressed contempt in portraying him as a coxcomb in Orange, had been engaged together in writing "Peg of Plymouth," and together with Chettle, on September 3rd, 1599, were busy collaborating on "The King of Scots" tragedy, which may have been the play of "Gowrie," produced some years later, or a play now lost. With Marston the breach had been widened in September, 1600. Marston's Company, the Children of Paul's, revived "Pasquil and Katherine, or Jack Drum's Entertainment," and had thus given fresh cause to Jonson's wrath by his portraiture in public as the abused Brabant Senior, and, as a consequence, in "Cynthia's Revels," where Dekker and Marston appear as Hedon and Anaides, Marston, as Hedon, falls in for the more abundant portion of the author's wrath.

Marston, on his side, was not idle. "Pasquil and Katherine" had been revived in September, 1600, and played by Ben's own company, the Children of Paul's, and a little later the same troupe appeared in "Histrio

Mastix." Dekker was already engaged on the "Satiromastix," entered on the Stationers' Register, November, 1601, and produced soon after.

From its inherent dulness and ill nature, "Every Man out of his Humour" had to be withdrawn prematurely from the Chamberlain's Company. Jonson believed that this was through the mere malice of the players. He did not recognise that its scurrilities and personal invectives had caused the frost. So in "Cynthia's Revels" he poured forth his bitterness of soul chiefly against Shakespeare, whom he deemed the worst offender, as a rival and envious poet and actor-manager who had refused to play in the despised drama. He now addressed the Globe Company and their great ringleader thus:—

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

Besides, they could wish your poets would leave, to be promoters of other men's jests, and to waylay all the stale apothegms, or old books they can hear of (as Amleth in Hector Boece, or Troilus and Cressida in Chaucer, Othello in Giraldo Cinthio), in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal. That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney man, or derive their best grace with servile imitation from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with, as if their invention lived wholly upon another man's trencher.

Marston had addressed the Swan of Avon as "a trencher slave," and Jonson thinks it a fit appellation. The whole attack is too long, but this suffices to indicate its character and malevolence.

This was in the Induction. In like manner, at the very opening of the "Poetaster," so difficult was it to pen up the strong current of his animosity, he thus flung off at the Chamberlain's Company—

Are there no players here—no poet apes, that come with basilisks' eyes whose forked tongues are steeped in venom, as their hearts in gall, etc.

But this was not enough. He published an epigram on his arch-enemy—the poet Ape. Thus—

ON POET APE.

Poor poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage has become so bold a thief,
That we, the robbed, have rage and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays ; now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the Scene,
He takes up all—makes each man's wit his own,
And told of this he slights it—Tut ! Such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours ;
He marks not whose 'twas first ; and after-times
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool ! as if half eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.

In fine contrast with Shakespeare, the "Poet Ape," is Jonson, the semi-divine "Crites," portrayed by himself as—

A creature of most perfect and divine temper ; one in whom the humours and elements are peacefully met without emulation of precedence. . . . It is clear nature went about some full work, and she did more than make a man when she made him. . . . He will speak his thoughts freely, but is as distant from depraving another man's merit as from proclaiming his own," etc.

There is much more of the same self-satisfied self-adulation later on in the play. Thus, one of the characters addresses another, introducing Jonson—

Lo ! here the man, celestial Delia,
Who (like a circle bounded in itself)
Contains as much as man in fulness may.
Lo ! here the man, who not of usual earth,
But of that noble and more precious mould
Which Phœbus self doth temper, is composed.

This precious crystal work of rarest wit
Our eye doth read thee, now instilled our Crites,
Whom learning, virtue, and our favour last
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude. (Act V., sc. 8.)

Jonson having thus modestly commended himself to Queen Elizabeth on his first appearance, treats her to very fulsome eulogy as "Divinest Cynthia," "Heaven's purest light," and then explains he is—

One at least studious of deserving well ;
And to speak truth indeed deserving well, &c.

This, it must be confessed, is modest ; and his view of the detraction of his zealous and envious rivals is not the less marked. Dekker is represented as saying—

Fough ! he smells all lamp oil with studying by candle light.

HED. How confidently he went by us, and carelessly ! Never moved nor stirred at anything.

HED. God's precious, this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion, 'tis insufferable.

HED. I'll speak all the venom I can of him, and poison his reputation in every place where I come. (Act. III., sc. 2.)

Crites then gives his estimate of Hedon and Anaides—the one a light voluptuous reveller, the other a strange, arrogating puff ; but both impudent and ignorant enough, that traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark.

It were amusing to contrast Jonson's views of himself as Crites, Asper, and Horace, with Drummond's Plutarch-like and masterly summary.

He [Jonson] was a great lover and praiser of himself ; a contemner and scorner of others ; given rather to lose a friend than a jest. Jealous of every word and action of those about him especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived. A dissembler of the parts which reign in him ; a bragger of some *good that he wanted*, thinketh nothing but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry ; careless to gain or keep ; vindictive, but, if well, answered at himself ; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, being versed in both, etc.

THE POETASTER.

This comical satire, as it professed to be, and was styled, was first played in 1601, by the Children of the Queen's Chapel, at Blackfriars.

In it, beyond the induction and attack on Shakespere, there is a bitter onslaught on his co-managers, friends, and associates, Heminge, Condell, Augustine Phillips, Burbage, Laurence Fletcher, and the rest. Burbage he especially apostrophises and assails as *Histrion*; Dekker is personated by *Demetrius Fannius*, and Marston as *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*, a name adopted from Horace, who usually mentions him with some depreciatory or degrading epithet. In the course of the satire, which is as coarse in expression and treatment as well can be conceived, *Quintus Horatius Flaccus*, whom Jonson, with a characteristic sense of decorum, or obvious want of it, intends as a portrait of himself, arraigns his two brother playwrights and fellows, for "their self love, arrogance, impudency, railing, and filching by translation," before himself, as "High Priest of the Muses," the only permanent recorder and dictator of all Nature's laws and artistic propriety.

In this arraignment, which is more coarse than funny, to heighten the effect, the rival playwrights are subjected to an emetic to disencumber their respective stomachs of the various "far-fetched" phrases and expressions which were peculiar to their Muse, and which were especially marked out for reprehension, since Marston so injudiciously jeered at Jonson some two or three years before. These phrases I have already indicated in part, as having been ridiculed in "Every Man out of his Humour." They are now re-assembled and strengthened, and in addition to the "paunch of Esquiline," we have "embrion," "synderesis," the "Zodiac and its intervallum." We have the absurd phrase, "clumsy, chilblained judgment," derived from "Pasquil and Katherine"; "retrograde," "quaking custard," "magnificates," "glibbery round," etc. We have also — "paranomasie," "lubrical," "turgidous,"

"oblurant," "furibund," "prorumped," "cothurnal buskins," "strenuous," "obstupefact," "bescumbers," "ventosity," "ecliptic line," the "rawish dank of clumsy winter," "retrograde," and "reciprocal incubus," "turgidous," etc., derived from the "Scourge of Villainy," "Antonio and Mellida," and the satires, as well as from "Histrio Mastix."

I will give a brief summary of the trial scene, so far as its grossness will admit, which will show what wit our ancestors delighted in, but the chief onslaught is made against the Lord Chamberlain's Company, which, for the time, had driven Jonson out and exiled him from their ranks.

These players are most rancorously abused and insulted. They are assailed with the coarsest personalities, as players, lousy slaves, rogues, stalkers, twopenny tearmouths. He alludes to one, no doubt well known then, as smelling "ranker than some sixteen dunghills," and as being "seventeen times more rotten"; jeers at Sly, as a "good skipping swaggerer, who roars out his barren bold jests with a tormenting laughter between drunk and dry." Describes another as looking like a midwife in man's apparel, as one who can eat a leg of mutton, with a belly like Barathrum, the lean Poluphagus; and another as a fusty satyr, who smells all goat and carries a ram under his arm holes (an idea borrowed from Catullus), and so on *ad infinitum*.

In the trial scene, at the end, Rufus Laberius Crispinus, *alias* Crispinus, poetaster and plagiarist master, and Demetrius Fannius, play dresser and plagiarist, are arraigned. The poet, with little sense of judicial decorum, assails them with every gross and abusive epithet he can command. He rails at them, and then curses and condemns. They are charged with calumniating Jonson in the person of Horace

—Læse Majesty, at least. They are then treated with an emetic, and without trial, are found guilty by Jonson's friend, Mæcenas Townshend, and subjected to the pain and indignity of a vomit, which compels Crispinus to bring up his "far-fetched and new-minted phrases," with which he has ventured to compete with his ancient crony Jonson.

DEKKER'S "SATIROMASTIX."

Dekker, in his "Satiromastix," replied on Jonson in a vein of not inferior coarseness, but in a much more generous and amiable spirit. Thus, after reviling his pretensions, and ridiculing Jonson's preposterous insolence, he half reluctantly says—

Good Horace, No ! my cheeks do blush for thine
As often as thou speak'st so, where one true
And nobly virtuous spirit, for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one, ten, even from my heart.

In all Jonson's writings, from end to end, there is no such genial, liberal sentiment as this. He was always implacable. Dekker continues—

We, that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy once dying baseness.

But were thy warped soul put in a new mould
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold. (p. 245.)

Yet in spite of this tenderness there is no lack of vigour in the satire. Jonson's sneer at Dekker's poverty and threadbare suit in the "Poetaster,"* has undoubtedly rankled, as intended. Jonson himself, who now so rails at the players, had once been a player and a bad one. He

* "O, sir, his doublet's a little decayed." Act III., sc. 4.

had played as Mad Jeromino at Paris Garden. His shoulders had once been arrayed "in a player's old cast cloak." When he acted he trod the stage as if he was treading mortar:—

Thou hast forgot how thou amblest in a leather pilch, by a play waggon, in the highway, and took'st Mad Jeromino's part, to get service among the mimics.

These are unpleasant reminiscences to Ben just now, as he is in clover, and, as Sir H. Wotton phrases it, was "living on one Townshend."

One of the ladies of the play thus refers to his personal attractiveness—

That same Horace methinks has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple when 'tis bruised: It's better than a spoonful of cinamon water next my heart for me to hear him speak, he sounds so in the nose, and talks and rants for all the world like the poor fellow under Ludgate. . . . It is cake and pudding to see his face make wry faces when he reads his songs and sonnets. (p. 241.)

Again he is ridiculed for so vainly likening himself to Horace.

You staring Leviathan, look on the sweet visage of Horace—look he has not his face punched full of eye holes, like the cover of a warming pan.

He is reminded that he ought to be medicined as a person diseased—

For should we minister strong pills to thee,
What lumps of hard and indigested stuff,
Of bitter satirism, of arrogance,
Of self love, of detraction, of a black
And stinking insolence should we fetch up? (p. 259.)

Dekker's "Satiromastix" was produced and played at the Globe by the Chamberlain's Company. The King, who is the Moderator, and sits as umpire in this satire, is, there can be little doubt, from his wisdom, patience, and

moderation, intended complimentarily to represent William Shakespeare. This it is important to note, because Mr. Fleay has represented Shakespeare and Dekker as antagonists and enemies, flouting each other, of which I cannot find even the least proof. He, proudly superior to such antagonists and revilers, therefore nominated Dekker, as Demetrius, "the play dresser and plagiarist," to perform his part of administering a purge to Jonson. Personally he presides as Jove in dignity, or as the play declares—

Whilst ourself sit
But as spectator of this scene of it.

Dekker, as Demetrius, does administer a purge, and arraigns Jonson duly, who responds to the poet King thus :—

Thanks, royal lord, for these high honours done
To me unworthy ; my mind's brightest fires
Shall all consume themselves in purest flame
On the altar of your dear eternal name. (p. 256.)

This, by one poet and dramatist to another, could only be addressed to William Shakespeare. Throughout, appropriately, the King's language is of like elevation and most dignified and worthy. This is his command :—

KING. If a clear merit stand upon his [Jonson's] praise,
Reach him [Jonson] a poet's crown (the honoured bays) ;
But if he claim it, wanting right thereto
As many bastard sons of poetry do,
Raze down his usurpation to the ground—
True poets are with Art and Nature crowned. (p. 256.)

This, it must be confessed, is both judicious and judicial.

Jonson is arraigned as the whip and scourge of men, as Crites, and Asper and Horace, as the sole friend of the Muses, and all his vain and preposterous pretensions and self-advertisement as the only true poet, the poet of all the ages, high-souled, candid, courageous, just, as he asserts

himself to be, are held up to ridicule. He is declared a counterfeit juggler, who steals the name of Horace, and who has nothing of Horace about him but the name. He is required to swear that he will not filch mottoes and posies from that poet for rings and handkerchiefs, and told not to carry a Latin poet about with him till he can read and write English.

We get a better insight indeed into Bouncing Ben's private character than in hundreds of volumes of so-called biography, which are for the most part senseless and indiscriminating eulogy.

Thus Jonson is instructed not to swear by Phœbus and the Nine Muses, nor to hang himself with envy if he thought any other playwright could write as well as himself, nor to bombast out his new plays with the old linings of jests stolen from the Temple Revels; nor to sit in the gallery when his dramas are being played, to attract the eyes of all in the theatre and to make the players uncomfortable, and then to thrust himself forward for congratulations at the close of the play, so that he may be noticed and observed by all, and that his parasites may say—"Look! look there! that's the great Horace. That's he, that pens and purges all humours and diseases."

There are abundant suggestions of such good advice—to restrain his biting and snarling humour, to cease his self-laudation and eager and hungry self-advertisement, to prove himself less ungrateful to the players at the Globe, who redeemed him out of purgatory, and also not to say that they envy him, that "their forked tongues are steeped in venom as their hearts in gall. The poet apes," etc.

The humour, however, of all Dekker's *Satiromastix* is this—and it seems to have been wholly lost on Mr. Disraeli and on all his [Jonson's] editors—that it makes Jonson act as the reviler of himself; Jonson as the Copper Laced Captain

Tucca, truculent, abusive, insolent, castigates Jonson as Horace. The real Jonson judges the sham Jonson. The substance flouts the shadow. Tucca is the true Jonson in his dialogue, mannerisms, mode of tall talk, oaths, and ostentation. His discourse is in Ercles' vein or Ancient Pistol's, and his malevolence is the same. So Tucca is borrowed by Dekker to belabour the false Jonson, his own ideal Jonson, with force and effect. Tucca reviles him as a foul fisted* mortar treader, and says "that if he played as he confesses he did, the part of Zuleiman at Paris Garden, that on that occasion only he played the part of an honest man, and that he could never play that well in his life; that he would be a journeyman player still, but he couldn't put a good face on it, with his face full of pocky holes and pimples, punched full of eylet holes, like the cover of a warming pan, that he has three or four suits of names, as Crites, Asper, Horace, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, with the style of a grand Turk, when he has but one suit of clothes to his back, like a lowsy pediculous knave that he is. That he is not satisfied with killing a player, but he wants to eat men alive. That his best reading was his neck verse.† That he assails all virtuous women as cockatrices and harlots, and left an honest trade of building chimneys to adopt the mean handicraft of making rails—filthy, rotten rails.

This is but a sample of the personal tone adopted, and in Jonson's own manner, through one of his favourite characters. Even Jonson's most unscrupulous and partisan defenders could not deny that Dekker's Captain

* "Perfumed fist." "Mortar perfumed." "Scourge of Villainy." (p. 305.)

† Jonson was tried at Clerkenwell for murder for killing Gabriel Spencer, an actor in Henslowe's Company, pleaded guilty to the manslaughter, and burned in the hand, praying his clergy. Hence the allusion to the neck verse.

Pantilius Tucce is but a restrained copy of Ben's, with its gross and coarse personalities. In his abuse of the players, as "Twopenny tearmouths, stinkards, gulches, varlets, copper-laced scoundrels, and mangonizing slaves," or of "the lean player with the big belly," who was identified by Tom Davies the actor as Burbage, or the "skipping Frisker and zany, with saucy glavering grace and goggle eyes," said to be Kemp.

In his nine volume edition of Jonson, Mr. Gifford, the masked bravo who, according to tradition, stabbed Keats in the dark, poor sickly unfriended lad that he was, grows virtuously and vehemently indignant with Steevens, Chalmers, and Malone for insinuating that Jonson was jealous of Shakespeare. Gifford, like his hero Ben, was nothing if not acrimonious. His mind was crooked as his person. And so he rails and rants, and tears through his nine volumes, to prove that Jonson was an injured and much suffering creature, that Malone was venomous, that Shakespeare was relatively despicable, that Inigo Jones was arrogant, vain, and petulant, afflicted with violent passions, and that this and not Jonson's temper was the cause of their life-long strife. It is amazing that such strange partisanship, in the teeth of all fact and evidence, should ever sway men's minds. The proofs of Ben's servile sycophancy to the rich, and his pitiful envy of all his equals, are too numerous and undoubted to be honestly questioned. But with these incidents we have nothing to do. It is not necessary to exalt one poet's verse by depreciating another poet's virtue. The facts may be read by all, and no amount of virulent invective, wholly inaccurate, misplaced, and sophistical on the part of Gifford (for Malone was one of the most amiable, honest, and single-minded commentators on record) can in truth disturb them.

With "*Satiromastix*" the storm for a time died down. Marston and Jonson became reconciled, wrote elaborate compliments of each other, produced a play together, in which they parodied Shakespeare and burlesqued Hamlet, called "*Eastward Ho!*" in 1605, although Jonson had been allowed to bring out his "*Sejanus*" at the Globe in 1603, Shakespeare taking part in it, and Marston had been graced by having the "*Malcontent*" played in 1604 by Lewin, Burbage, and the rest. So far, therefore, as the poet was concerned, he appears to have borne neither Jonson nor Marston even the slightest animosity. As "*Sejanus*" was produced the same year that Raleigh was brought to trial for high treason, and sentenced to death at Winchester, it is conceivable that the National Bard appeared as Arruntius or Lepidus. He had administered, in the words of "*The Return from Parnassus*," no pill. That office had been performed by Dekker, and was effectual. The gentle bard sat silent. He doubtless could have written incisively had he been so inclined. He, no doubt, thought with Sam Johnson that a man can only be written down by himself. At any rate, we have no evidence that he ever acted other than with magnanimous forbearance and generosity to his various assailants—Nash, Chettle, Greene, and in later life Chapman, Marston, and Jonson—and that the one epithet always vouchsafed of "gentle Shakespeare" was justly applied to him and honourably deserved.





A DREAM OF SPRING.

BY TINSLEY PRATT.

WHILE yet beneath the wintry sky
The lone wind sweeps with bitter sigh,
And tall elms wave their arms on high—
Unheeding they;
But from my heart goes forth a cry
This bitter day.

The shadowy woods at eve are seen
Shorn of their robe of leafy green;
Dim twilight visions flit between
Each secret path—
Sole ray to cheer this joyless scene
The winter hath.

Dreams of a spring with hawthorn gay;
Dreams of a summer past away,
Beneath the magic of whose sway
The heart beat true;
When through the long, warm summer's day
Love ever grew.

Yet shall the hedgerows wake again,
Fed with the heavens timely rain
Nor shall my heart the while complain
In thankless mood,
But rather let the mind attain
Some thought of good.

A little while, and then shall wake
The cuckoo's music in the brake,
And Spring shall all her gladness take
Of flower and song;
Then let me rove, for her sweet sake,
The woods among.

And happy fortune shall be mine
To greet the early celandine :
Or, pausing, may at ease recline
 On daisied sod,
To find within that flower divine
 A star of God.

Or, in the deeper wood's recess,
Where rarely human foot doth press,
The queen of its fair wilderness,
 A violet,
Regal withal in modest dress,
 Shall love beget.

Then let the woods their bareness hold,
And let the bleak wind whistle cold,
And let what may the eye behold
 In robe austere
Sleep, till the merry Spring unfold
 The sweets o'th' year.

For soon the Spring shall wake again,
And dapple all the daisied plain,
The woods give forth their vocal strain—
 The lark upsoar,
And through the portals of the brain
 Its gladness pour.

Come when thou wilt! and if it be
With sorrow, yet I'll welcome thee;
Much gladness hast thou brought to me,
 And twain we'll go
Across the meadows, fair and free,
 Where daisies blow.



